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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor.
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SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1902.
NO. 28

FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

The Beautiful Weather on That Day Favors Us.

THE BALL GAME A CLOSE ONE.

Good Oration—Industrial Parade Declared Off—Many Interesting Events—A Large Crowd and a Good Time.

The weather gods were kind to the good people of Smethport on our national holiday and although black, threatening clouds hovered around us several times the day was an ideal one and not a drop of rain fell to mar the day's sport. Visitors from the surrounding towns commenced to arrive early and when the Port Allegany and Kushequa bands opened with serenades they both had good audiences. Owing to the bad weather previous to Friday and the shortness of time the industrial parade was declared off.

At 11 a. m. Rev. M. [illegible] Houghton of Bradford delivered his oration from the band stand in front of the court house. Mr. Houghton was in [illegible] humor and his address [illegible] best ever delivered in [illegible]. "The Little Minister," as he [illegible] familiarly known, kept the large [illegible] in the best of spirits throughout the oration.

There were three entries in the 100 yard dash and George [illegible] won the money easily.

In the 5-mile bicycle race, which was over a course of nearly eight miles, the first prize of $10 was won by O. C. Colby of Coudersport, second of $8 by J. W. Cole of Coudersport and third of $4 by F. J. Sewers of Port Allegany. Seven men entered in this race and it was close and exciting, five of them coming in on the home stretch in a bunch.

Only two contestants entered the slow bicycle race. At the end of five minutes Merl Backus fell off his wheel, leaving Frank Purtle an easy winner.

Five boys entered the two-mile race for boys and the Purtle boys carried away the money. Frank got first of $4 and Fred second of $2.

THE BALL GAME.

The ball game between Coudersport and Smethport was one of the most interesting ever played in this place, although the errors were numerous, the home team winning by a score of 7 to 8.

The game began with Coudersport at bat. Devall leading off was out, Fuller to Studholme. O'Brien struck out, as likewise did Holland, but the latter reached first when Croissant muffed the third strike. Whittaker was given a life on Studholme's error and Johnson went out on a fly to Servatius. For Smethport Croissant went out, Johnson to Devall and Whittaker and Moran, respectively, made circus catches of the drives of Fuller and Bell to center and left.

In the second Allen flied to Bell and Moran struck out, but Croissant again missed the third strike. King and Drake struck out. Smethport also failed to score in this inning, although Servatius made the first hit of the game.

Devall started the third with a single, reached second on a passed ball, third on an out and scored on an error by Servatius. Smethport scored twice in their half. Mayo reached first on four bad ones, reached second on Allen's error on Croissant's grounder. Fuller then struck out and Bell followed with a single, scoring Mayo. A headless bit of base running squelched Croissant, Drake to Johnson. Bell had meanwhile reached second and scored a moment later on Studholme's single.

Neither side scored in the fourth and the visitors were also blanked in their half of the fifth while the home team scored two more on Studholme's single, Servatius' double, a wild pitch and a single by McCabe.

Coudersport evened things up in the sixth, a hit batsman, a single and three errors, netting them three runs, while Smethport drew a large goose egg.

The visitors were blanked in the seventh, and the home team again took the lead by scoring three runs on one single and a combination of errors.

Coudersport secured three more in the eighth on a single, an error, a base on balls, a double and an out. Smethport by a strenuous effort secured another goose egg, due mainly to some stupid base running.

With the score tied Devall led off for Coudersport in the ninth with a single, but was thrown out by Croissant in an attempt to purloin second. O'Brien struck out and Holland died, Fuller to Studholme. For Smethport Servatius fanned, McCabe reached first on Devall's error, stole second and came all the way home with the winning run when Holland let Denning's grounder get away.

The score in detail follows:

SMETHPORT.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Croissant, r. f.	4	0	0	0	1	2
Fuller, p.	4	0	0	0	0	1
Bell, ss	5	2	1	3	0	1
Torrence, l. f.	5	0	0	0	0	0
Studholme, 1st	5	2	3	24	1	2
Servatius, 2d	5	2	2	2	8	3
McCabe, 3d	5	1	2	0	2	0
Denning, c. f.	5	0	0	1	0	0
Mayo, r. f.	2	1	0	0	0	0
	40	8	[illegible]	26*	10	9

*Holland out on infield fly.

COUDERSPORT.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Devall, 1st	4	4	2	8	0	2
O'Brien, 2d	5	0	0	3	1	3
Holland, ss	5	0	0	1	2	1
Whittaker, c. f.	4	2	2	2	0	1
Johnson, c	3	2	0	9	3	1
Allen, 3d	5	2	1	1	0	2
Moran, lf	4	0	1	1	0	0
King, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Drake, p	4	0	0	0	[illegible]	[illegible]
	37	7	6	25*	11	13

*Winning run scored with one man out.

By innings:

Smethport	0	0	2	0	2	0	3	0	1—8
Coudersport	0	0	1	0	0	3	0	3	0—7

Earned run—Smethport.
Two base hits—Servatius, Moran.
Struck out—by Fuller 7, by Drake 9.
Bases on balls—off Fuller 1, off Drake 1.
Hit by pitcher—Johnson, Croissant.
Passed ball—Croissant.
Wild pitch—Drake.
Stolen bases—Bell 2, Studholme, Servatius, McCabe, Denning.
Time of game—1 hour, 45 minutes.
Umpire—M. A. Keefer.

THE FANTASTIC PARADE.

The announcement that the fantastics of our Fourth of July celebration this year were in charge of the Frogs caused most [illegible] to have great expectations [illegible] good time in Smethport at the [illegible], and the crowd that [illegible] the Frogs when they came up from the [illegible] lands in the evening with their parade was a very large one and was not to be disappointed.

The [illegible] was formed on Main street with right resting on Marvin and Water streets and proceeded down Main street, returning to disband at the court house. It was made up as follows:

Division 1.

Grand Marshal, Spittle Keeper Barduck; Aide, Chief Croaker Gleason.
Platoon mounted police.
Uncle Sam.
Port Allegany band.
Human street light.
Float, "Frogs at Home."

Division 2.

Aide, Recording Toad Redfield.
Zobo band in wagon.
Float, No. 2, "Columbus and Frogs on 'Nina.'"
Human ostriches.

Division 3.

Aide, Congenial Friend Karlen.
Float No. 3, Hungerford's band wagon.
Float No. 4, Poverty Hollow Dance.
Float No. 5, Elk Barber Shop.
Carriage containing Mr. and Mrs. Crowe, the celebrated abductors.
East Smethport Board of Trade.
Float No. 6, "Local Jars."

The floats showed the results of much labor and a description of them will interest our readers.

"Local Jars" showed the large screen from the borough's useless stone crusher with banners, "$3,500 for stone crusher, but not one cent for street lights," and "Mr. Taxpayer this is all there is left of your stone crusher." A roll of plans was made to say, "Smethport's opera house closed for the summer, address S. E. Bell, Mgr.," while Arthur Thamm and Roy Stark were endeavoring to keep up the reputation of the defunct Smethport band on an improvised string of tubular chimes. The banner, "Positively the last appearance," hung over them. Smethport Business Man was fanning the "Smethport Board of Trade" asleep and made to say, "No, I will fan or dance, but I won't pay the fiddler."

O. J. Hamlin, as Sousa, at the head of the zobo band in the green band wagon, made as much fun as an ordinary circus and the band was as musical as the average circus band, to put it lightly. The attached banner was a study, but it said, "Our next appearance at the Coronation."

The Poverty Hollow Dance was as popular as ever, for we have all seen that fun before and no fantastic parade is complete without it. The dancers had their troubles as the German band was trying to supply the motive power for them and the musicians were seated on empty kegs and could not play fast enough for them to dance by.

Cort Corwin and George Hyde grasped the opportunity of helping out the Frogs and evening up old scores with their Elk friend of the talkative profession, and their barber shop showed much originality.

Dick Kœnig and "Niff" Sasse as the human ostriches kept every one in a roar, but the "airzone" which they drank at the "Frog building" on their way down prevented them from finishing the parade—a poor testimonial for their ostrich stomachs or the airzone.

Mr. and Mrs. Crowe from the poor farm made a great hit and the attempted abduction on Water street caused almost as much excitement as that public wedding would have caused had it materialized.

The float, "Frogs at Home," chaperoned by Ben Terwilliger, encountered a low hanging telegraph wire, knocking over the trees and causing the camp scene to look as if a cyclone had struck it. On one corner of this float was a grave with a tomb stone bearing the inscription, "Gone but not forgotten. Here lies the Cracker and Cheese club absorbed by the Frogs." But the Frogs declined a pressing invitation to attend the "wake" at C. & C. C. headquarters that evening, which was extended immediately after the parade by the Vice Tank, by order of the Honorable Tank and several lesser tanks.

A walking street light with banners, "Frog Street Light" and "our uncongenial borough council will not protect our hind legs with street lights," attracted much attention.

The Grand Marshal on his high horse, in a Frog suit carrying the Frog banner, reminded one of the knights of old and was a fantasy of the Don Quixote type.

"Ike" Gleason in his grotesque picnic gown looked natural and the Recording Toad flitted about over sidewalks and ditches on his bicycle like an "A. D. T." boy.

At 8:45 the caravel "Nina" arrived at Plymouth Rock in front of the "Frog Landing" and discharged its precious cargo, the Supreme Commander Frog of the Universe with some of the Frogs and Christopher John Swan Columbus. A band of the aborigines, headed by Chief Walla Walla Asseho, greeted them and smoked the pipe of peace. Then occurred the oration of the poet laureate of the frogs and this was followed by some tree frolics in the shape of leap frog and a tree race.

This was the best fantastic parade that Smethport people have witnessed for years and too much credit cannot be given the Gay Young Frogs for the amusement they furnished the public on this occasion.

The display of fireworks which was shown to the whole town from Hamlin's hill gave general satisfaction to the many spectators.

Two dances were in full operation afternoon and evening, one in the hose house and the other in the park. They were both largely attended and all enjoyed themselves hugely.

The day was a most orderly one. Never in the history of Fourth of July celebrations in Smethport has there been so little drunkenness or less quarrels. Everyone seemed to be here for fun instead of fight and from appearances we are satisfied they had it.

The following is the historical part of the Chief Croaker's speech:

"Columbus—All early writers appear to agree on the one point that Columbus arrived off Plymouth Rock about midnight on the night of July 3rd, 1492. After casting anchor Columbus signalled to the shore and his signal was at once answered by the natives. * * * At an early hour on the morning of July 4th, 1492, a large number of canoes were seen making their way from the shore toward Columbus' small fleet. On arriving alongside of Columbus' flagship two noble looking Indians signified a desire to come on board. The rope ladder was at once lowered and the Indians ascended the same and were soon ushered into the presence of the great navigator. They informed Columbus that they were Chief Mickilimackinac of the Pottawatomies, and Chief Scangaresse of the Delaware, two powerful tribes of the Six Nations; that they came as the personal representatives of the President of the Six Nations, Walla-Walla-Asseho, to tender to Columbus on behalf of the President his good will, and to ask Columbus to become his guest at 10 o'clock that forenoon. * * * At the appointed hour Columbus, accompanied by a retinue of officers, set out for the shore. Here they were met by Mickilimackinac and Scangaresse, who conducted Columbus and his company in great state to the presence of the president, Walla-Walla-Asseho, who had taken his position on the famous Plymouth Rock. After the navigator had been presented to Walla-Walla-Asseho, the great chief in the most eloquent words tendered, on behalf of the Six Nations, the freedom of America to Columbus and his sailors. * * * Walla-Walla-Asseho, in honor of his distinguished guest, issued an order declaring July 4th, 1492, to be a legal holiday among the different tribes of the Six Nations, thus to the famous chief, Walla-Walla-Asseho, belongs the distinction of first setting apart July 4th as a legal holiday on American soil."

Our New Clubbing Offer.

We have made arrangements with Mr. Scott F. Redfield whereby we are able for a limited time to offer the McKEAN COUNTY MINER and Redfield's Magazine one year for $1.20, cash in advance.

Redfield's Magazine is perhaps the best five cent monthly magazine published to-day and all of our readers should take advantage of this offer. We have sample copies of Redfield's Magazine which we will be pleased to furnish to prospective subscribers under this offer. Call and look it over and if it suits you subscribe at once.

Old subscribers may take advantage of this offer by paying up all arrearages and advance payment of $1.20.

House for Rent.

After June 15th. Gas, water, bath, garden. $10. Just the place for summer. Inquire of Guy McCoy, at bank.

Charles Lemmler's fly net and lap dusters are the best in town and the prices are right.

Screen doors and window screens. All sizes at Redfield's Hardware.

DROWNED WHILE IN BATHING.

Claude McAhon Meets Death at Celoron Monday Afternoon.

WAS BATHING WITH FRIENDS.

Body Recovered After an Hour's Search—Burial at Olean.

Claude B. McAhon of East Smethport was drowned at about 3:30 Monday afternoon at Celoron while in bathing. He was with a party of several friends bathing in the lake and "shooting the chutes."

Just how Mr. McAhon lost his life will probably never be known for although he was among this party none of them saw him go down and in fact he was not missed till the party was through bathing and they started for the bath house. When he was missed the party thought he had dressed and gone home but upon finding his clothes in the bath house their fears were aroused and a search was instituted.

After some time the body was found near the toboggan slide. A bruise on the temple is thought to explain the accident. Those who were with him think he struck his head against something which rendered him unconscious, or at least stunning him so that he could not help himself or give an alarm and he was drowned while in that condition. Claude was a good swimmer and could have easily taken care of himself though he was slightly injured had he retained consciousness.

Clinton Williams of that place, an uncle of Mrs. McAhon, was a member of the party and he telegraphed the sad news to Mrs. Wisner of Olean, mother of Mrs. McAhen, and she notified her daughter in East Smethport. The remains were brought to Olean yesterday by Mr. Williams. His relatives from this place went to Olean Tuesday morning.

Claude B. McAhon was born in Lavina, Delaware county, N. Y., and was 29 years, 3 months and 20 days old. When about 16 years of age he came to Smethport, where he attended school for some time. He entered H. C. Wells' drug store as an apprentice in pharmacy and later graduated from the Buffalo College of Pharmacy. After graduating he followed his profession in Olean for some time and at one time owned a drug store in that place. About two years ago he came to this place and embarked in the mercantile business in East Smethport.

In October, 1897, he was united in marriage to Miss Blanche Wisner of Olean. Two children were born to them, one of whom survives to mourn his untimely demise with his wife, father and mother and one sister.

The subject of this sketch was an able, honest and hard working young man who never gave up in the face of adversity and every one who became acquainted with him in a business or social way admired his pluck and became his firm friend.

The funeral services will be held in Olean this afternoon and interment will take place in Allegany.

Banquet for Monkey.

A dispatch from Newport says: A few days ago the steam yacht Taurus made a trip to New York to meet Mrs. Fish, and she was brought to this city as the guest of Joseph Leiter, owner of the yacht. Mr. Leiter has among his pets aboard the yacht a very playful and well trained monkey. When dinner was served the monkey was given a seat at the table and waited upon as were the rest of the guests. Mrs. Fish was greatly amused at the monkey's decorum, and upon her arrival in Newport told Harry S. Lehr of the animal.

Mr. Lehr at once conceived the idea of giving a dinner in the monkey's honor, and so informed Mr. Leiter. Mr. Lehr at once sent out invitations to twenty guests to meet at Arleigh a distinguished guest from Siam. When the guests were seated at the table, expecting to be presented to no less a personage than a prince, Mr. Lehr led in the simian rigged out in evening clothes.

"Jocko" conducted himself as a well-behaved monkey should do until some one conceived the idea of drinking toasts to the guest of the evening. Jocko seemed no stranger to this part of the program, quaffing his bumpers with gusto, not missing a single round.

As the evening wore on he became tipsy and hilarious. Leaping from his place he ran with joyous screeches up and down the board, knocking over everything in his way. Then he began pelting the guests with wine glasses, driving the ladies away in fright. He was finally taken in charge of by Mr. Leiter, who placed him in an easy chair, where he soon fell asleep from the effects of the drunk.

Charles Lemmler has a first-class line of trunks and traveling bags which he is selling at very reasonable prices. Call and see them.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happenings in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

We learn from a man who left Camp Curtin, Harrisburg, on Thursday last that Geo. W. Mattison, who enlisted under Col. Kane in this place, was accidentally shot on Wednesday last and instantly killed. Mr. Mattison was one of Col. Kane's best men and his death will be seriously felt by not only his fellow soldiers, but a large circle of friends in Cameron county.

Judge Stephen A. Douglas, the eminent statesman, expired at his residence in Chicago on June 3, 1861, aged 49 years.

The Boston Journal has a letter from an American in London, who is likely to be well informed, from which it makes the following extract: "I am sorry to say that Her Majesty Queen Victoria is in a state of insanity and very little hopes are entertained of her recovery. They talk of having her go to Germany. I hear it talked that there will probably be a regency."

Lieut. John C. Welch of Ramsay's Regiment of Light Infantry announces in another column that he will visit Smethport, Coudersport and other adjoining towns for the purpose of obtaining recruits. This regiment is to be composed of men who are not less than 5 feet 10 inches in height, good marksmen and men who are accustomed to a woodman's life. This is a good opportunity for some of our good marksmen to get a chance to kill rebels.

The Jamestown Democrat says that Col. Kane has purchased Fenton's Black Hawk Dan for $2,000. This is not true. The horse is in the possession of Dr. Wisner in Smethport. Col. Kane we believe, did talk of buying him, but the price was more than he wished to pay.

We are pleased to learn that Dr. S. D. Freeman of Smethport has received his commission as surgeon of Kane's regiment. He was one of 18 applicants out of 240 who received first class certificates from the Board of Surgeons who were appointed to examine the applicants. Dr. Humphrey of Tioga county is his assistant.

It will be remembered by our readers that the "Wildcat" regiment, recently organized, elected our gallant friend, Thomas L. Kane, colonel, and Major Biddle, lieut. colonel. The former appreciating the superior military qualifications of Major Biddle, with a magnanimity that did him credit, promptly proposed a change [illegible] and insisted upon Major Biddle taking command of the regiment. After repeated and urgent solicitation the generous proposition was accepted and the arrangement heartily approved by the entire regiment, which is now one of the best officered in the state.

Geo. B. Crittenden, son of J. J. Crittenden, who resigned from our army some time since, has accepted a commission in the rebel army.

L. W. Gifford of the firm of Butler & Co. has been elected lieutenant of the Cameron Rifles, Col. Kane's regiment, and is now in Gen. Patterson's army in active service. He has enlisted for the war. Good luck to the brave fellow. May he cover himself with glory.—Olean Times.

Hon. John S. McCalmont, the able President Judge of the 18th district, recently resigned that position to enter military service as colonel of one of the regiments of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps and is now in command at Camp Wright, near Pittsburg. Col. McCalmont is a graduate of West Point and served two years in the regular army. Gov. Curtin has appointed Hon. Glenni W. Scofield of Warren county, former State Senator from that district, President Judge to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Colonel McCalmont.

The job for building the state road between this point and Coudersport has been let to Messrs. A. M. Benton and Fitz Henry Arnold of Port Allegany—two thorough and energetic business men.

Many of the eminent divines of the country have referred to the battle of Bull Run being fought on Sunday in their sermons and the fact is universally deplored. The Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng of New York, though enthusiastic in his devotion to the government and the Union, has entered his protest against the battle having been fought on Sunday and says that the Union forces could expect nothing but defeat under such unhallowed circumstances.

The great Garibaldi has tendered his services to the Federal Government. The correspondence in which the offer was made and accepted took place between the American consul at Genoa and Secretary Seward. The offer, of course, was accepted and the rank of Major General was tendered to the noble Italian.

The gas range "that makes the others look sick" is the one I handle. It is the leader of them all. Call and see it.
J. C. HAMLIN.

Keep the house comfortable with a few screen doors and windows from our stock. Holmes & Gilfillan.

KILLED 18 CATTLE.

Lightning Destroys Herd Monday on Crossmire Farm.

THEY BELONGED TO D. C. YOUNG.

Twenty Six Huddled Together Under a Tree—Eight Escape.

To protect themselves from the severe wind and rain storm a herd of twenty-six well bred cattle belonging to D. C. Young of this place gathered under a large tree in their pasture on the Crossmire farm, about three miles below town Monday evening. During the storm a bolt of lightning struck the herd and when John Tracy, who has charge of the farm, went to see what damage had been done he found eighteen of the herd dead—fifteen milch cows, one bull and two calves. They were all packed close together as they had stood, showing that they had died without a struggle.

Eight of the herd escaped, one of them being quite severely shocked but it is thought that she will recover. The others were uninjured. It is supposed that these were on the outer edge of the mass and, therefore, the lightning had spent its force before it reached them. Mr. Young says his loss is at least $800, and he carries no insurance which covers their loss when in the field.

A peculiar thing about this accident is that the tree under which the cattle stood was not injured in the least, not even a bit of bark was torn off and no burned or scorched spots could be found on the tree.

Murdered in Oneida.

A dispatch from Oneida, N. Y., dated July 2, says: Cora Isabella Waltz, 17 years old, shot and killed George Helmer, aged 40, late yesterday afternoon. The shooting took place on the farm of Fred Olney, just east of this city. George Waltz and family live in Olney's tenant house and Waltz works on the farm.

Cora Waltz was at home with her mother in the afternoon when Helmer drove into the yard with his half brother James Hall. Both live at Chittenango. Helmer went into the house and threatened to kill Miss Waltz. She ran into a bedroom and was followed by Helmer, who seized her by the throat and threw her down. Her mother came to her assistance and Miss Waltz escaped.

Helmer reentered the carriage and started off. Miss Waltz secured a revolver and went across lots to her father, who was at his work at some distance. When Mr. Waltz approached Helmer the latter took off his coat and said he would kill the whole Waltz family and started for Mr. Waltz. As he grappled with the elder man, Miss Waltz fired, the ball just grazing the hip of the farm superintendent, T. E. Myers. She then fired a second shot which struck Helmer just over the eye, penetrating the brain. He died instantly.

Miss Waltz returned home and awaited the arrival of the officers who placed her under arrest.

Helmer had caused much previous annoyance to the family by his attentions to Miss Waltz and they had moved here from Chittenango partly to escape him. He had appeared insanely jealous of the girl who repelled his advances.

Helmer was a married man, whose wife had left him.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post-office at Smethport for the week ending July 5, 1902.

Thomas Ashby, Theo Crowell, C. E. Craven, E. W. DeBower, Homer Farnsworth, Mrs. Anna P. Gillett, James Guy, C. A. Saskrider, Thomas R. Stuart, Mgr. Opera House.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Sunday Excursion.

Commencing June 1st the B., B. & K. Ry. will sell round trip tickets on Sundays, good on day of date only, from Smethport to Bradford at 75c, and to Ormsby at 25c. Train leaves Smethport at 8 a. m., connecting at Bradford with trolley line to Rock City, and with Erie R. R. for Chautauqua Lake. Returning, train leaves Bradford at 6:15 p. m., giving passengers three hours and thirty minutes at Chautauqua Lake.

The Money-Back Cough Syrup.

Means a lot to people who are tired of experimenting with the "ordinary" cough preparations—you are not out a cent if Dr. George Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Cough Cure does not please you. It will cure consumption and all serious and stubborn lung and throat diseases. Sold at 25c on a guarantee by J. W. Voorhees.

A Taylor Grate is "a thing of beauty and joy forever," besides being a gas saver. Would be pleased to refer you to any one of our many customers who have used them in place of Gas Logs and old fashioned fire places.
JOHN C. HAMLIN.

When needing the plumber's service call up the Palmer Plumbing Co.—Bell telephone, circuit 8, 6 rings.

"Out of the House of Bondage"

BY BALDWIN SEARS

Copyright, 1901, by the S. S. McClure Company

"Gwendolen, is your knee in that chair? Why, my dear, one would think you were a child of five."

"My dear Gwendolen, do stop drumming on the window; such a lack of dignity."

Gwen stood up stiffly. "I suppose you mean that you don't like to see an old maid doing anything except old maidenly things," she said as cuttingly as she dared.

Francesca and Harriet looked at her, at their mother and at each other. "Is there nothing you can do which would not be 'old maidy,' as you call it?" asked Harriet mildly.

"What shall I do?" demanded Gwen.

"Can't you read to aunt?"

"No, I can't," interrupted Gwen fiercely. "I'm as hoarse as a crow from screaming into aunt's ear trumpet for an hour."

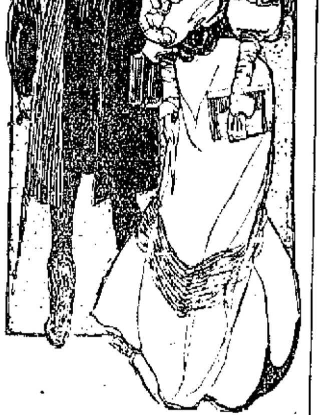
"Have you practiced this"— began Francesca.

"Practiced?" repeated her youngest sister, with still greater scorn. "What for? Haven't I practiced fifteen years for nothing? Nobody wants to hear me play. It's a perfect farce, doing things just because other people do them. I shan't do it any longer though." And Gwen, her tall figure quivering with defiance, rushed out of the parlor and up to her room.

Poor Gwen! She was the youngest and had therefore never grown out of childhood in her sisters' eyes.

Harriet and Francesca, aged respectively forty and forty-four, were so used to managing the housekeeping, their mother, the parish charitable work, the rector and sometimes the rector's assistant, who had only been there since Christmas, that they naturally expected to keep on managing their little sister too.

Gwen did not agree. She beat helplessly round in her cage, the great, gloomy house where her two energetic sisters were always criticising, commanding and forbidding.



"MAY I TURN BACK WITH YOU?" SAID MR. WARDE.

She threw herself on the bed and tried not to cry.

Harriet stood in the doorway, and Gwen had jumped to her feet.

"Gwendolen, Mr. Warde is down stairs, and he has asked for you."

"He probably wants me to go and visit old women," said Gwen. "I shan't. I hate old women."

But Harriet had gone down stairs again to talk to the young assistant.

Gwen followed slowly.

Francesca looked up first when Gwen opened the parlor door.

"Mr. Warde has come to ask us all to help with the services during Lent, Gwendolen," she said briskly. "He wants us to sing in the volunteer choir. I told him you would like to very much."

Gwen bit her lip and looked straight ahead.

Mr. Warde waited politely until Francesca had finished, then he turned to Gwen. "You know I have charge of the Lenten services, and I want them to be as beautiful as we can make them," he said, his eyes on her steadily. "I want to get some one to play for us too. Can't you help me to find some one, Miss Gwen?"

"Oh, Mr. Warde, let me play!"

For a moment there was a stunned silence, while poor Gwen's words rang back to her shrilly.

But Mr. Warde was smiling. "It will be a great pleasure to have you take it," he said.

His answer broke the spell. Francesca and Harriet rose as one to protest. "Why, Gwendolen, what a thing to ask! Of course she couldn't, Mr. Warde."

"Why, certainly she can do it. Can't you, Miss Gwen?"

But her fine flare of courage was gone. "I don't know," she stammered.

"Nonsense, child! Of course you can't. She'll be very glad to sing with us, Mr. Warde." Harriet smiled for all of them, chiefly for Gwen, who had shrunk into herself again.

Mr. Warde looked at her keenly. Gwen changed color when he took her hand at parting. His eyes looked into her frightened ones as if he understood.

That helped Gwen to bear the criticism that followed with more composure than usual. She even smiled a little as she went down to the village after the evening mail.

But her eyes filled as she thought of the afternoon. She knew she could play on the big organ after a week's practice. She had done it before for the Sunday school. She would do it just because Mr. Warde had asked her. She gave a scared start. A black coated figure had stopped before her.

"May I turn back with you?" Mr. Warde's kind eyes pretended not to see the tears in Gwen's. "I want to ask you when you will come over to practice," he went on, quite as if it were a settled thing.

"I knew that you could play. I have heard you often as I passed the house," he explained when she looked at him bewildered. "You will not fail me, will you?" he asked, with an abrupt earnestness that sent the blood flying to Gwen's pale cheeks. "Because," he added, "it would be a great, a very great, disappointment to me."

"No," answered Gwen, scarcely realizing what she said. "I promise to come."

She only half heard what Mr. Warde was talking about as he walked back with her. She was living in a dream. But at the gate, as he turned to leave her, she gasped, "Please don't tell them that I have promised," and was gone.

But, though she did not see it, Mr. Warde looked after her as though he understood.

* * * * * * *

"Where are you going, Gwendolen?" asked Harriet cheerfully. Gwen started nervously and looked around. It was 4 o'clock Monday afternoon as the elder sister came suddenly into the hall and met Gwen, who was hurrying toward the front door in a suspiciously silent manner.

"I—I'm going down town," answered Gwen.

"Well, wait and I will go with you."

Gwen took a great breath.

"I—I can't wait, Harriet. I've an engagement."

Harriet smiled. "An engagement, eh?" She was always good naturedly indulgent of her sister's 'childish ways.' "And it can't wait?"

"No, it can't. I've promised Mr. Warde that I'd be there at 4."

"Mr. Warde! You've promised him?" Harriet stared. What did this sudden independence mean?

Harriet came close to the door. She was large and fair and had a smiling determination. Gwen did not look up. She knew that one glance from those large, light blue eyes would defeat her bravest plans. Suddenly she flung up her head, her eyes sparkling. "I have promised to help him, and I am going—now!" And, flinging open the front door, she rushed into Mr. Warde's arms as he walked up the steps.

"Oh, Mr. Warde!" she began.

"Why, Miss Gwen, what is this?" he asked, with some alarm, for she was sobbing hysterically and clinging to his sleeve.

At that moment he saw Harriet. Instantly he turned and bent his head close to Gwen's, and, holding her hands firmly in his, he said softly: "Gwen, I had not meant to ask you yet, but—Gwen, will you marry me some day? Answer me, dear, before you look up, and then we will go in together."

And low as her answer was he smiled when he heard it.

"Yes," said Gwen, "if—if Harriet will let me."

Statistics of Thunderstorms.

Statistics in regard to the frequency of thunderstorms in various parts of the world are given as follows by a German periodical. Java has thunderstorms on the average 97 days in the year; Sumatra, 86; Hindustan, 56; Borneo, 54; the Gold Coast, 52; Rio Janeiro, 51; Italy, 38; West Indies, 36; south Guinea, 32; Buenos Ayres, Canada and Austria, 23; Baden, Wurttemberg and Hungary, 22; Silesia, Bavaria and Belgium, 21; Holland, 18; Saxony and Brandenburg, 17; France, Austria and south Russia, 16; Spain and Portugal, 15; Sweden and Finland, 8; England and the high Swiss mountains, 7; Norway, 4; Cairo, 3. In east Turkestan as well as in the extreme north there are almost no thunderstorms. The northern limits of the thunderstorms are Cape Ogle, northern part of North America, Iceland, Novaja Semeija and the coast of the Siberian ice sea.

Good Spirits.

The mystic is ever attractive, and the question of spirits and the best use to be made of them when they appear is one that may well be treated with thought and deliberation. To some modern families they do not belong. People go through this life with twenty-four hours to their day just as others have and, so far as one may trust observations, are never by any chance favored with the apparition of good spirits. These frown at the world, and the world, not to be outdone in politeness, frowns back at them. When they meet folk whose houses are haunted by cheerful spirits, they destroy these spirits, so far as they can, and go off with gloomy triumph—no richer themselves and leaving the other parties to the encounter bankrupt and lonely.

Manners In Berlin.

One of the leading tenors in Berlin was engaged to sing at a large soiree by a distinguished lady in society. When he had finished, there was much applause, and a number of ladies surrounded him. Compliments to the singer were being enthusiastically paid when the hostess came up, joined in the chorus of thanks and recognition and in the presence of her guests handed him a closed envelope. The tenor did not lose his presence of mind, but quietly opened the envelope, took out some banknotes, counted them over slowly and carefully and then said to his hostess: "Many thanks, my lady. It is quite correct!"—London Answers.

A Difficult Case.

First Lawyer—How did you come out in settling up old Gotrox's estate?

Second Lawyer—It was a hard struggle.

"No!"

"Yes; I had hard work to keep the heirs from getting part of the estate."—Ohio State Journal.

Just the Word.

Youngwed (on bridal tour)—I would like rooms for myself and wife.

Hotel Clerk—Suite, I suppose?

Youngwed—That's what. She's the greatest thing that ever happened.—Chicago News.

A HONEYMOON CLOUD.

Why the Bride Feared Her Husband Did Not Love Her.

"It was pretty hard to have the honeymoon clouded before we had been married two hours," complained a newly married man. "Fact is, though, the excitement of the wedding day took away the little sense I had remaining.

"We were married at noon and, after dodging the customary rice and old shoes, left for the station. We had barely time to catch our train, and I rushed up to the ticket window at once. Then, once more, we had to run the gauntlet of friends, who think it smart to throw rice down one's collar and have it sift down into one's shoes.

"We got into the train at last, and when it started I heaved a sigh of relief. When the collector came round for tickets, I handed mine over. After looking at it for a moment he asked me if the lady was traveling with me.

"That was the last straw, and I snapped out for him to mind his own business.

"'That is what I am trying to do,' he answered coolly. 'One more ticket, please.'

"Then it flashed upon me that in the hurry and excitement of the moment I had forgotten I had a wife. I paid the other fare and tried to laugh it off, but the look that my wife gave me will linger with me as long as I live. It took me two hours to argue her out of the impression that I didn't love her any more, and she isn't fully satisfied yet."—Kansas City Independent.

The Habits of the Robin.

Let us hide behind that clump of blackberry bushes and watch the parent birds as they come to feed their young. There comes the father robin now. You can distinguish him from the mother by his darker plumage. You will notice that in coming with the food he alights on a particular twig, hops along a particular branch and alights on a particular side of the nest. If you watched him for a week, you would probably see him approach the nest in precisely the same way each time. Now here comes the mother, a lighter colored bird, with gray on the back of her head. You see that she reaches the nest by quite a different route and alights upon the other side of it, and she will do this over and over and over again. Like men and women, birds acquire habits which they rigidly adhere to unless something happens to prevent them.—Ernest Harold Baynes in Woman's Home Companion.

Honest Mistake.

The story is told of a little New England girl the workings of whose Puritan conscience involved her in difficulties on one occasion.

She was studying mental arithmetic at school and took no pleasure in it. One day she told her mother, with much depression of spirit, that she had "failed again in mental arithmetic," and on being asked what problem had proved her undoing she sorrowfully mentioned the request for the addition of "nine and four."

"And didn't you know the answer, dear?" asked her mother.

"Yes'm," said the little maid; "but, you know, we are to write the answers on our slates, and before I thought I made four marks and counted up, 'Ten, 'leven, twelve, thirteen,' and then, of course, I knew that wasn't mental, so I wrote twelve for the answer to be fair."—Youth's Companion.

Hats In Church.

"Time was," says the London Chronicle, "when men wore their hats in church, and Pepys evidently considered it an unnecessary piece of strictness to insist on the bare head in church. In his diary for Nov. 17, 1661, he has the entry, 'To church and heard a simple fellow upon the praise of church musique and exclaiming against men's wearing their hats on in church.'

"On Sept. 28 following he went to the French church at the Savoy, where the minister do preach with his hat off. I suppose in further conformity with our church.'

"Probably it was about this date that the custom of removing hats in the church began."

Glad There Was Something.

"There are not a few people who take a pitiable and morbid delight in believing that they are assailed by an incurable disease which must shortly close their careers," observed a doctor.

"I am sure there is something the matter with my lungs. Please tell me the truth," said a very anxious old lady to her physician the other day.

The latter made a careful examination and replied, "I find that your lungs are in a normal condition."

The patient, with a deep sigh of resignation, asked, "And about how long can I expect to live with them in that condition?"

The Joy of Relief.

Casey—Ye're lookin' purty bad this mornin, but ye seem happy enough.

Cassidy—Indade Oi am. It makes me feel great to think av the turrible toot'ache Oi had lasht noight.

Casey—Phwhy should thot make ye so happy?

Cassidy—Bekase Oi haven't got it this mornin', that's phwhy.—Philadelphia Press.

Unanswered.

"Say, pop, may I ask you a question?"

"Yes, Teddy. What is it?"

"When a man's finished milkin' a cow, how does he turn off the milk?"—New York Times.

Stupidity Personified.

"Stupid?"

"I should say so! Last night I turned the gas down, and he asked if it was time for him to go home."—Detroit Free Press.

Get What You Ask For!

When you ask for Cascarets Candy Cathartic be sure you get them. Genuine tablets stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. A substitutor is always a cheat and a fraud. Beware! All druggists, 10c.

Tommy's Tackle

By EDWIN J. WEBSTER

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Thomas Stevenson, better known as Tommy, left college with a fair knowledge of mechanical engineering and a disposition to meet life good naturedly. Incidentally Tommy carried away a well developed set of muscles and left behind him the reputation of being the surest tackler that had played on the university eleven.

The head coach measured every man's worth by his ability to play football.

"Tommy will never be a great player," he said regretfully. "He's too slow in his running. But he certainly is the hardest tackler I ever met. It's my belief Tommy would jar a freight engine if he made a good plunge at it."

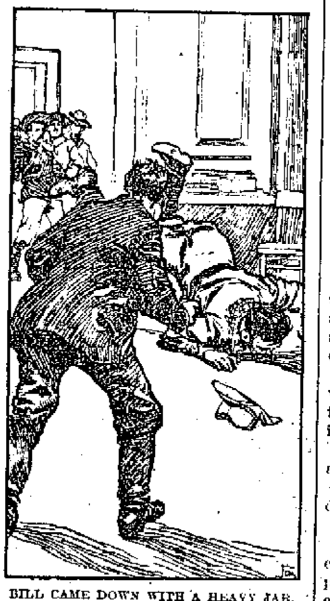
After Tommy's graduation his uncle offered him a position at the Walnut mines.

"It will do the boy good," said the uncle, "and knock some of the college nonsense out of him."

Tommy was far from regarding his college education as nonsense, but he was anxious to get a practical knowledge of mining, so he accepted the position without discussing with his uncle the value of a collegiate training. His principal duties at the mine were to keep track of the time the men worked and the number of tons of coal brought out of the mine. This was not exactly the work Tommy had looked forward to while in college, but he accepted the situation philosophically.

"I want to find out all about the business," thought Tommy cheerfully, "and the best way is to get what I can out of the job I'm on. Something better will turn up later."

Because he was big and good natured and free from egotism everybody at the mines liked Tommy. It was one of the boasts of the Walnut mine owners that they had never had a strike. When the miners in the Quincy mines across the river went out, the Walnut miners refused to join them, so one morning a deputation was sent over to rouse a sympathetic strike. The strikers' deputation was led by "Big Bill" Tomlinson. Bill was over six feet tall, weighed 250 pounds and had the reputation of being the best boxer and wrestler in that district. Unless he had been drinking, however, Bill was good natured and not given to abusing his strength. On this particular morning Bill had felt that his position as the leader of the strikers called on him to take a few drinks. He was not intoxicated, but his potations had greatly increased his sense of his own dignity.



BILL CAME DOWN WITH A HEAVY JAR.

When the strikers arrived, Tommy was sitting alone in the office at the entrance to the mines. Tommy knew Bill by sight.

"Hello," said Tommy cheerily. "What's up this morning?"

"We're from the Quincy mines," answered Bill, speaking slowly and with an attempt at impressiveness. "You know we are on strike, and we have been sent over as a committee to see your men and get them to join us. We're goin' down in the mines and have a talk with them."

"It's against the rules for any one to go in the mines without a pass from the superintendent," objected Tommy.

"Rules! Rules!" thundered Bill, his voice and temper rising. "What do we care for rules? We're goin' in the mine, and we're goin' now too."

Tommy was perplexed. In a drawer of his desk lay a revolver meant for use in such emergencies, but Tommy didn't want to use it. Bill wasn't a bad sort of fellow at heart, and he had a family depending upon him. Moreover, Tommy felt a healthy young athlete's aversion to the use of deadly weapons. One thing was certain, no one was going down that mine without permission while he, Thomas Stevenson, had any breath in his body.

"Why don't you apply at the superintendent's office?" he asked, determined to delay the crisis as long as possible. "Maybe he would let you have the passes."

"Maybe he would telephone for the police," sneered Bill. "No, young fellow, don't give us any steer of that sort. We haven't anything against you and don't want to hurt you, but we're goin' down the mine and goin' right now."

"Guess again," replied Tommy, with slangy cheerfulness. "Even if they did pound him there was no use in feeling bad before he was hurt. "No passes, no entrance, is the rule of this game."

Bill's temper was now fully aroused. Should he, the leader of the strikers, be thwarted by a young fellow just out of college? From the door to the spot where Tommy was standing was about twenty feet, and Bill came forward with a rush.

As Tommy saw the big miner rushing at him there flashed through his mind the memory of a November afternoon when the Yale center rush had broken through the line and, ball under his arm, was plunging toward the goal. Tommy's tackle had saved the day then. Perhaps it would work again.

"Low and hard is the word," thought Tommy, and, setting his teeth and gathering every muscle in his body for the spring, he plunged forward.

The beauty about a skillfully executed football tackle is that the harder the other man is coming forward the more violently he is thrown. Bill had plunged forward with all the force of every ounce of muscle in his big body. Tommy caught him just above the knees and threw a little twist into the tackle. It had taken the head coach weeks to teach Tommy that twist. In the end he had learned it thoroughly. Bill was hurled through the air and came down with a heavy jar partly on his left shoulder and partly on his head. Tommy extricated himself and stood ready to meet the rush of strikers which he thought was coming. Bill stayed on the floor.

But the rush of strikers didn't come. Instead they stared in open mouthed amazement first at Tommy, who was standing with the blood running from a little cut on his lip and a cheerful, expectant look on his face, and then at the prostrate Bill. One of the miners gave a little chuckle.

"Did you see the way the kid threw Bill?" he said admiringly. "He certainly is a winner."

Bill rose to his feet slowly and painfully, with a look on his face not of anger, but of utter surprise. Tommy stood alert, not looking for trouble, but ready to meet it if it came. But Bill's intentions were peaceable. He extended his hand to Tommy, gazing at him with a new found respect.

"Shake hands, Tommy," said he. "It's all right about the mine. I don't believe any of us want to go down today. It might not be healthy. But, Tommy," he added, "they certainly did learn you more in your school than readin', writin' and figurin'."

And Bill and his followers trudged peacefully away from the Walnut mines.

Tommy related the incident to his uncle that evening. The latter was indignant at the audacity of the strikers in daring to interfere with his mines.

"Some one ought to complain to the police."

"I don't believe I shall," replied Tommy thoughtfully. "I can't see that I have anything to complain of. And Bill, while not exactly content, seemed fully satisfied."

CANDY CATHARTIC

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BEST FOR THE BOWELS

10c. 25c. 50c. All Druggists.

Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

The Indian Experimented.

A missionary in charge of a small church on the Indian reservation at Onondaga held evening services for his people at which subjects upon which he lectured were not strictly religious.

One evening when the little building was well filled with braves and their squaws he described the solar system and told them that the earth revolved about the sun and also turned over once in every twenty-four hours.

Early the next morning the priest was awakened by a knock. He opened the door to find a big Indian wrapped in a blanket standing on the porch.

"Why, Obaga!" he exclaimed. "Is anything the matter?"

"Missionary lied," grunted the Indian.

"I lied? What do you mean?"

"Missionary say world turn over every night. Injun go home, set up stick, put apple on stick. If world turn over, apple fall off. This morning apple on stick. Missionary lied. Huh!" And with this parting grunt he strode down the path, unheeding the priest's calls.

Quite Different.

In some parts of Canada it is customary to call the justice of the peace or local magistrate "squire." One of these worthies, a very estimable man, who always enjoyed a good story, even if it were at his own expense, used to be fond of relating an experience he once had with an uneducated English farmer.

After transacting some business the "squire" and the Englishman sat down to enjoy a smoke together. When they had lighted their pipes, the stolid Britisher started the conversation by remarking, "I notice as 'ow volks calls you the 'squire.'"

"That's because I am a justice of the peace," replied the Canadian.

"Things is so different at 'ome."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. In England a squire—w'y, bless your 'eart, a squire, 'e's a gentleman!"

In the Wrong Shop.

An individual who from his clothes and the dinner pail which he carried appeared to be a laboring man recently walked into a drugstore in Eleventh avenue and requested to be given a marriage license.

"You'll have to go to the city hall to get that," said the druggist.

"I don't see why. Isn't my money good here? I'm in a hurry too."

"We don't handle that kind of license," answered the drugstore man.

"Well, I was told I could get one here sure, and that justice won't marry me without a license," angrily snapped the fellow as he walked out.

The druggist said that people often came in with requests that would make a stone man smile. "And if you laugh they get mad," he concluded.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

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If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're ill or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take

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Clams, Cigars and
Fine Confectioneries

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FOR SALE,

Horses, Carriages, Wagons; Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

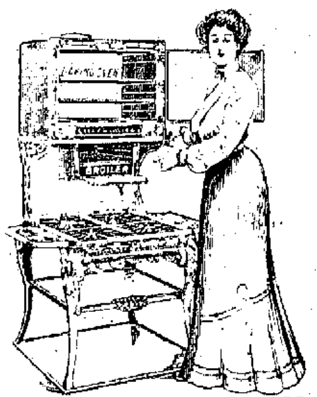
Smethport - Penn.

March 1, 1900.

The MINER and Redfield's Magazine offer the clubbing rate of $1.20 per year in advance. Redfield's Magazine is the best Five-Cent magazine on the market to-day and its circulation is increasing rapidly. Persons desirous of good reading should avail themselves of this excellent offer. Remember $1.20 is the price for both for one year.

A PICTURE

of the range that "MAKES THE OTHERS LOOK SICK"



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McKean County Miner

Entered at the post-office at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 10, 1902.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Circus day Friday.

—Don't forget the circus to-morrow.

—Holmes & Gilfillan advertise refrigerators this week.

—Another oil well will be drilled on the Campbell farm soon.

—A July clearing sale is advertised by Fry & Herzog in their ad this week.

—Special attention is called to F. G. Lindholm & Co's July clearance sale ad.

—The Option House in Bradford will be torn down and a five story brick built in its place.

—Ed. Evans of Bradford was lodged in jail Monday. He is charged with assault on Lina Brown.

—Charles Huff, a Kane young man, was drowned at Euclid Beach, near Cleveland, Ohio, on July 4th.

—Ridgway has landed another large industry. It is the Ridgway Tool and Machine works. The company is capitalized at $800,000.

—The Avenue Hotel at Salamanca was destroyed by fire Monday morning. The 40 guests of the house had narrow escapes from death.

—August Sizer defeated Harry Brown in a 100 clay bird shoot at Kane last Friday morning for a purse of $50. Sizer "killed" a total of 88 birds and Brown got 84.

—Mr. J. H. Dey of Hazelhurst and Miss Fannie, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Sheldon of Ormsby, were married at Olean June 26. Although belated we extend congratulations.

—A terrible accident occurred on an electric railroad near Gloversville, N. Y., on the evening of July 4. Two cars crowded with passengers collided. Fifteen people were killed and twenty-nine injured.

—The insurance rate on farm property has been raised again. The rate now is 1.87½ per cent. on farm houses and their contents for three years and 2.75 per cent. on barns, out-buildings and their contents for three years.

—In the Motor bicycle race from Boston to New York G. M. Holley of Bradford was a winner. Four of the 88 starters finished together and he was among them. He rode on the motor cycle invented and made by himself.

—Paul Fahrer, aged 10 years, of Olean was drowned in the river Monday near that place. While in swimming he was overpowered in an eddy. A twelve-year-old companion made a dive into 12 or 15 feet of water and recovered the body.

—There is more activity among the oil and gas men on Rock Run than at any time since the boom was started there a few years ago. At least four derricks are in course of erection and a couple of from four to eight barrel wells have recently been brought in there. Leases are being renewed and new houses are going up all along the road.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—A Coudersport man has applied for a patent on a fan to be used in passenger coaches, which far excels anything in that line placed upon the market. It is both practical and inexpensive, and the operation of it costs nothing, as it is propelled by a wind wheel on the top of the car connecting with the fan inside of the car.—Potter Democrat.

—Deputy Sheriff Osterhoudt had a serious time last evening hunting for a drowned man, who was safe at his home on Wayne street. It was reported that a man had been lost in the Allegheny river from an overturned boat. The boat did upset, but the occupant waded ashore and went home. Failing to find his body, the searchers went to his home and the wife, fearing they had a warrant for his arrest, said he was not there. Then they were sure he was drowned, and the search was renewed. The sheriff says that hereafter the drowned people can conduct their own search.—Olean Democrat.

—A lively fight occurred in the rear of the Breeze office a few mornings ago. A young robin was hopping about on the ground, being watched by the older robins who were perched on a nearby tree. Suddenly a large cat appeared on the scene, caught a glimpse of the little bird and with a lightning like movement sprang at it. Amid shrieks and cries the older birds descended from the tree, attacking the cat in a vicious manner. They were reinforced by additional robins, the cat beat a hasty retreat to a place of safety after being severely whipped. And the little robin flew to a nearby limb, and the incident was closed.—Bolivar Breeze.

Cure Your Catarrh Now.

V. Van Dorn, 2011 Avenue B, Birmingham, Ala., writes: "I have had catarrh in one of the worst forms for 20 years, and after using Dr. Geo. Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Inhaler for two days feel entirely relieved and believe by its continued use I will get cured." Sold at 50 cents on a guarantee by J. W. Voorhees.

Why Suffer With Your Kidneys?

The discovery of Dr. Geo. Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Kidney Tablets has proved a blessing to thousands of kidney sufferers who have been restored to perfect health. These tablets drive the kidney disease germs out of the blood and prevent accumulation of uric acid in the system. We urge all sufferers to give this successful and scientific kidney remedy a trial. They come in two sizes, 25 and 50 cents. Come and get a trial treatment free at J. W. Voorhees.

Correspondence.

KANESHOLM

Our usual quiet neighborhood was disturbed on the Fourth. For the past year or more we have had a family living on the Vantine farm by the name of Wood. The family consists of John T. Wood, his wife and three little ones. Mrs. Wood is a respectable, hard working woman. John Wood is a painter by trade and a good workman, but comes home drunk frequently and shamefully abuses his wife. Wood is a brute. On the night of the 3rd he started out on the war path. He first commenced on his wife, then on a driver of a glycerine wagon. He went up and abused Peter Swanson, when a young man in the employ of Mr. Swanson gave Wood a good trimming. On the morning of the 4th Mrs. Wood went and made a complaint to 'Squire Wilkins. During the day a brother of Mrs. Wood swore out a warrant for Wood, charging him with abusing and threatening to kill and wound his wife, also cut her heart out, and calling her vile names. The warrant was placed in the hands of Constable L. T. Lawson who on his return from Kane went promptly to make the arrest. Wood refused to submit and made for the officer with a table fork. The constable was unarmed, not even having a pair of handcuffs, but he had [illegible] and after a hard tussle landed his man at the squire's office. The brutal bully that a short time before was going to kill his wife and everybody else had calmed down under the majesty of the law. No one appeared against Wood in the evening and he was [illegible] the next morning when the wife and her brother went to the 'Squire's and pleaded with him to let Wood go which he refused to do. They left the law [illegible] at trial.

Our community was shocked early Sunday morning on learning of the sudden death of Mrs. Mary Anderson, a widow [illegible] daughter of Andrew Nyberg. Mrs. Anderson was sitting on the porch of her home with her father watching the fireworks until about 10 [illegible]. When they retired about 11 o'clock Mrs. Anderson was taken sick and had to get up complaining of headache and pain in the back of her head. She made a mustard plaster and put it on her neck and laid on the lounge. At about 3 a. m. she was taken with vomiting and her father, who is a confirmed invalid, heard her fall to the floor, got up and went to Wm. Vantine's, the nearest neighbor, and called him. Dr. Lawson was summoned, who arrived at [illegible] and said she had died from apoplexy. Mrs. Anderson was one of God's noble women, a devoted daughter, wife and mother, a fine woman, friend and neighbor. She came to Kane in 1867 with her father, mother, brothers and sisters, and in the spring of 1868 they moved out on the farm where they now live. At that time it was a dense wilderness from Kane to Mt. Jewett. The Nyberg family are those kind of people it is a pleasure to know.

Mr. Falldine's team got frightened by the steam of a boiler on the Vantine farm on Thursday and ran away. No serious damage was done, although Mr. Falldine had a very narrow escape.

The young people who visited the rocks spent a very pleasant evening at Mrs. Deloe's by shooting fireworks, such as is furnished by our local store.

Miss Margaret Armstrong of Kane made a pleasant call on 'Squire Wilkins' daughters on Tuesday evening.

All the employes of the A. P. C. Oil Co. enjoyed a half holiday on the 4th.

Many of our people visited Kane on the ever glorious Fourth.

Mr. Falldine made a business trip to Kane on Thursday.

L. G. Bailey visited Kane on Thursday evening.

Rev. Yard went to Clarksburg on the Fourth.

FARMERS VALLEY.

Many people from this place attended the fourth of July celebration at Olean and report having a fine time.

Mrs. Grace Carpenter and children of Coryville have been visiting relatives in the Valley.

Mrs. Geo. Otto, who has been on the sick list, is much improved at this writing.

John Cunningham of East Smethport passed through our town one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. August Smith and children spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Mullin of Bradford have been spending a few days on the farm.

Mrs. A. Reed has returned from a two weeks' visit with relatives in Olean.

Miss Eva Henry of Rew City was a guest of Miss N. [illegible] McCall on Sunday.

Mrs. Frank [illegible] has been visiting relatives in Bradford for a few days.

Frank McCool has been visiting friends in East Aurora.

Mr. Dodge of Kentucky is visiting in this place.

Daniel Derby was in Coleville last Saturday.

ANNIN CREEK.

During the shooting of dynamite on the evening of the 4th Will Buckley's dog got so excited that he killed eleven turkeys. The next morning Will decided that he could get along without a dog.

Annin Creek celebrated the Fourth in proper style. The picnic was a success in every way, although owing to the wet weather it was held at the churches.

Clayton Norton and wife have been visiting in this place, but returned to their home in Minn Monday.

Robt. McNally has disposed of his dairy. He sold eight cows to Mr. Tubbs Monday.

Lorenzo Hodges and family of Olean are visiting here at this writing.

J. J. Worship of Penn Yan, N. Y., was in town over Sunday.

Lee Knapp has been busy treating [illegible].

J. J. McCarty was doing business at the county seat Monday.

Subscribe for the MINER.

MICA AXLE GREASE

Makes short roads.

And light loads.

Good for everything that runs on wheels.

Sold Everywhere.

Made by STANDARD OIL CO.

THE FAMOUS.

Central Block, CLOTHING STORE. Smethport, Pa.

$10

Will buy a first class suit of clothes at this store. Why not get your summer suit here.

$3.50 WALKOVER SHOES $3.50

A three months' guarantee with each pair.

Wm. Monheimer

WOMEN

are of a thrifty disposition. Several thousand women have accounts here—our most welcome depositors. A saving account is a reserve fund for hard times, sickness or old age. You can start with a dollar and bank by mail.

Established 1862. 30,000 Depositors. $12,000,000 Deposits. 4 per cent. Interest.

Mention this paper when writing, and we'll mail you a valuable booklet on Money Saving.

PITTSBURGH BANK FOR SAVINGS

Smithfield St. & Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

NEWS STAND

One Door East of Chautauqua House.

GASKINS & GRANT, Props.

ALL THE LEADING Newspapers.

Tobaccos & Cigars.

We have just added a choice line of Weaver Bros. candies.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

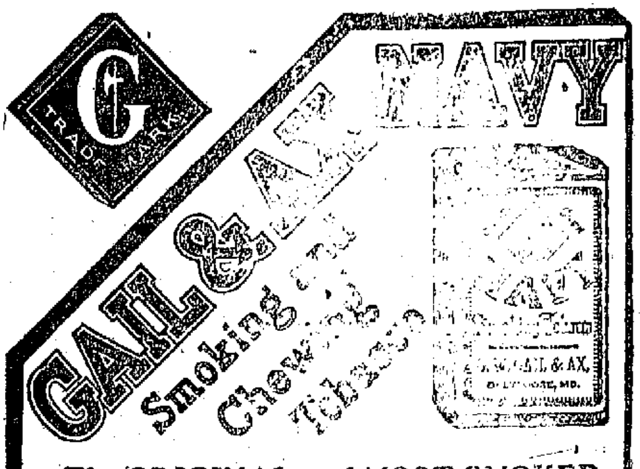
DR. F. C. PIERCE, Smethport, Pa.

EMIL THAMM,

MANUFACTURER OF

Fine Cigars.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer.



The ORIGINAL and MOST SMOKED long cut tobacco in all the United States, manufactured with the express purpose of [illegible] qualities, that of a good [illegible] chew. It is made of [illegible] "Burley," [illegible] from which a [illegible] of smoking and [illegible] can be made.

Gail & Ax [illegible] by the distinctive [illegible] wrapper (which [illegible]), it being to-day [illegible] the same as forty years ago [illegible] stands for the quality [illegible] then. You get the very best and [illegible] chances, when you buy Gail & Ax Navy.

Baltimore 18[illegible]

LIEBIG'S

PEPTONIZED EXTRACT OF MALT.

A Pleasant and Valuable Tonic

Barley and Hops.

LIEBIG'S MALT EXTRACT
LIEBIG'S
LIEBIG MALT EXTRACT CO.
Franz Maver Liebig

Just what you want for Lost Appetite.

Builds up the System.

Perfectly Pure and Extremely Agreeable.

None better for invalids.

20 Cents per Bottle or $2.00 per Dozen.

J. W. Voorhees

Palace Pharmacy SMETHPORT, PA.

FOR THE FAMILY.

I have just opened my wholesale liquor store in the Reilly Block and am in position to supply the leading brands of

Wines and Liquors

for family and medicinal use. All goods are guaranteed strictly pure.

A. J. Warshofsky,

Reilly Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. Specht & Sasse.

WE HAVE COMBINED

The drawing qualities of extremely low prices for extremely High Grade Goods. We welcome the shrewd, careful and discriminating shopper, who can judge Quality, Style and Price to inspect our stock then make a comparison of prices—Grade for Grade—with what is shown elsewhere.

J. M. SLOAN,

6 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS.—$1.[illegible] per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.[illegible] per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $[illegible] per inch per annum, payable monthly. [illegible] Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, ten cents per line for each insertion.

Cards not exceeding one inch, $[illegible] per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r

Announcements.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Commissioner of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Democratic party.

W. P. WALSH.

Smethport, Pa., Feb. 20, 1902.

CONGRESS.

EDITOR MINER:—Kindly announce that I am a candidate for Representative in Congress from the Twenty-First Congressional district, subject to the rules of the Republican party.

S. R. DRESSER.

Bradford, Feb. 7, 1902.

Smethport, Thursday, July 10, 1902.

FOR GOVERNOR,
SAMUEL W. PENNYPACKER.

FOR LIEUT. GOVERNOR,
WM. B. BROWN.

FOR SECRETARY INTERNAL AFFAIRS,
MAJOR I. B. BROWN.

FOR CONGRESS,
S. R. DRESSER
(subject to district conference.)

FOR MEMBERS OF ASSEMBLY,
JOHN W. CAMPBELL,
J. M. McELROY

FOR SHERIFF,
CHARLES E. MAYS

FOR PROTHONOTARY,
SAMUEL E. BELL

FOR RECORDER,
H. M. CHOATE

FOR REGISTER,
JOHN B. EASTMAN.

FOR CLERK OF COURTS,
WM. H. MORRISON

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
JOHN P. MELVIN.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
GEORGE GRIFFITHS,
JOHN A. PETERSON

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS,
B. G. BARTLE
OSCAR ENGSTROM

KING EDWARD still continues to improve. He is now out of danger.

IT is reported that Arctic Explorer Andree was murdered by Esquimos nearly two years ago.

THOMAS PLATT says the New York Republican state convention will endorse President Roosevelt to succeed himself in 1904.

ALL is not serene in Democratic circles in the state. Each faction wants to run things and some lively times may be looked for during this campaign.

M. S. QUAY predicts that President Roosevelt will succeed himself and further says he will be the unanimous choice of the Republican party at the next convention.

HON. JOSEPH C. SIBLEY has been nominated on the Republican ticket for member of Congress in the 28th district, which is now composed of Elk, Forest, Mercer, Venango and Warren counties.

INDIANS of the Lower Yukon have discovered an immense petrified ship which is believed to be Noah's ark. It is located on a high hill thousands of feet above the sea level in the northern part of Alaska.

MANUFACTURERS are actually making marble by the same process by which nature makes it, only a few weeks instead of a few thousand years, says the London Builder. They take a rather soft limestone and chemically permeate it with various coloring, as in scagliola. The completed material takes a fine polish, and many of the specimens are of beautiful color and marking. Used as a veneer it is about one-third the price of nature's marble.

IT will be the opinion of fair-minded men of ordinary intelligence who are acquainted with the facts that, during the session which has just closed, Congress, under Republican leadership and control, made a record upon which the judgment of the country may be invoked without any fear of the result. It has not done all that was expected from it, and some of its omission are regrettable and disappointing, but upon the whole it has done very well and the public welfare will be materially promoted by its work. It has been reproached for extravagance, but that was inevitable. Every Congress of recent years has been censured on that score, but the voters at the polls has shown that the majority is satisfied.

Now that he has been released from his pleasant quarters in Manila and the guard of American soldiers has been withdrawn from protecting as well as retaining the whilom Filipino leader, Aguinaldo, that worthy is anxious to secure some more protection from the authorities, against the friends of General Luna, whom Aguinaldo caused to be removed from participating in the affairs of the insurgents by the simple method of assassination. His appeal to General Chaffee for protection brought him the assurance that he was entitled to the same consideration as any other citizen of the country. Aguinaldo dodging the friends of Luna is a much less imposing figure than Aguinaldo the commander of the insurgent tribes of Filipinos.—Kane Republican.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, July 7, 1902.

Enthusiastic and heartfelt as was the celebration of Independence Day in this country this year there is reason to believe that it was even more so in the Philippine Islands, where, for the first time, the great day was really celebrated by all the people in recognition of the accomplishment of that liberty for which they struggled in vain for so many years. By a happy combination of circumstance and direction the fourth of July saw the last of military rule in the islands and the inauguration of civil government.

Under the provisions of the Philippine bill enacted by the Fifty-seventh Congress the great privileges of the "Bill of Rights" are conferred on the Philippine people and there are none who will not rejoice at the blessings thus bestowed upon them, unless, perhaps, it be a few disgruntled politicians whose dire predictions have been disproved and whose attempts to make political capital out of the efforts of the administration to establish peace in the islands have proved a boomerang. By the provisions of the amnesty proclamation of the President all political prisoners in the Philippines were released and the way paved for the liberation even of those who had offended against society in some minor form.

Advices received at the State Department indicate that the negotiations now being conducted at Rome by Governor Taft are progressing at a satisfactory pace. Confronted by the difficult problem of supplying priests to minister to the large number of members of his church, when the friars shall have left the islands, the Pope desired to retain there all of those against whom no charge of malfeasance in office had been brought; but Governor Taft, believing it to be necessary as a proof to the Filipinos that there will be no further connection between church and state and as a further evidence that the present government is in no way in sympathy with the hated Spanish domination with which the friars were associated, has advised the Pope that it will be necessary that all those friars who have left their parishes and all those in the city of Manila shall be removed from the islands. The entire reasonableness with which the Vatican has received the representations heretofore made by Governor Taft warrants the assumption that ultimately the negotiations will end in a manner satisfactory to all concerned and the purchase of the friars' lands and their being opened up to settlement will mark the beginning of an era of small land holdings in the Philippines which will, it is safe to presume, result as beneficially as did the passage of the Homestead Law in the United States.

On Thursday evening the President left Washington for Pittsburg, where he delivered two addresses. In his public oration Mr. Roosevelt for the first time put into practice the policy which I outlined in these letters a week ago and the announcement of which was sent out by no other Washington correspondent until July 2d. I refer to his ardent advocacy of Cuban reciprocity with a view to so educating the public sentiment as to remove all serious obstacles to the ratification of the reciprocal treaty with Cuba which he will submit to Congress as soon as the short session convenes. It was on June 25th that Judge Long of Kansas explained to me the President's intentions and I understand that in every public speech which the President will make between now and the time Congress convenes next December, Cuban reciprocity, which in the President's mind is so closely allied with national honor, will receive marked attention and exploitation. In Minnesota, where the Republican platform is somewhat indefinite in its handling of this subject, Mr. Roosevelt will dwell on it with especial emphasis.

On the day before the President left Washington Secretary Cortelyou asked me to make it clear to your readers that the President was going to Oyster Bay to secure a much needed rest and that he will sincerely appreciate the consideration of those public and private citizens who permit him to spend his short vacation in comparative retirement with his family. Secretaries Cortelyou and Loeb, who have accompanied the President to Oyster Bay, have taken cottages in the village and offices have been secured in the town for the transaction of such business as may be imperative, so that, in so far as possible, Mr. Roosevelt may remain undisturbed in his summer home. A long distance telephone has been installed in the temporary White House so that Secretary Barnes, who remains in charge in Washington, will be able to communicate with the offices at Oyster Bay at any time and all routine business will be transacted here. On August 14th the President will leave Oyster Bay for the New England States, where he will pay a number of visits, and he will then go west, not returning to Washington until October 8th, the date on which the Grand Army encampment in this city will begin.

A Taylor Grate is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," besides being a gas saver. Would be pleased to refer you to any one of our many customers who have used them in place of Gas Logs and old fashioned fire places.

JOHN C. HAMLIN.

One of the Many Dainty Shoes.

New this season and shown in our stock is the John Kelley. It's an Oxford and a very pretty one indeed. Looks well on any foot.

Comes in Kid and Patent Kid.

Price, $2.00 and $3.00.

Ladies will have no trouble in finding here shoes that fit perfectly. We study the feet and carry such a large number of styles and sizes that it is easy matter to put the feet into comfortable shoes.

Anderson & Carlson
SMETHPORT PA.

You will find us in New Quarters two doors west of Post Office.

If you want any plumbing, steam or gas fitting or supplies for same come and see us.

The Palmer Plumbing Co
BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

Remember Nathalie

By Justin Huntly McCarthy

A Story of the Vengeance of Russian Nihilists

THIS stirring drama is acted on an ocean liner during its voyage from Liverpool to New York. Among the passengers are a young Englishman booked as "Flavian Hope" and the rich Van Duytens of New York, the father, mother and two daughters, Evleen and Rhoda.

In an accident to the ship which causes a panic among the passengers Flavian and Rhoda confess their love for each other and agree to die together. But the ship does not sink. Rhoda recalls a mysterious figure with a revolver moving about in the crowd. Flavian is missed when the vessel arrives at New York. His body is found in his cabin with a paper bearing this inscription: "By order of the third section. Remember Nathalie!"

We have secured this story for our columns and will begin the publication in a few days

Smethport Bicycle Shop,
SIDNEY H. BROUGHAM, Prop.
Dealer in
Bicycles and Sundries of all kinds.
Repairing done and work guaranteed. Wheels to rent by day or hour. Those wishing wheels for Sunday will please speak for them on Saturday.
cor. FRANKLIN and WATER STS.
Opposite Bottling Works. - - - Smethport, Pa.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT
And then go to
BROWNELL BROTHERS
Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
FINEST GROCERIES
TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT
ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

ICE CREAM.

Ice Cream furnished in bulk from one quart up by the Pleasant Valley Dairy. We furnish Alfred Hagberg, Peterson Bros., McCoy's Drug Store and T. J. Young. Orders left with Alfred Hagberg or the milk wagon will be promptly filled.

The people of Smethport and vicinity are invited to call and inspect our dairy at any time.

Pleasant Valley Dairy.

Brasted's Delicious Candies
For the Summer Trade.

Rochester Business Institute
Qualifies a man to go into business for himself; qualifies young men and women to accept and helps them secure BUSINESS POSITIONS that lead to BUSINESS SUCCESS. Commercial and Shorthand courses. Several positions waiting for every competent young man stenographer. Inquiries solicited. Catalogue sent free.
144 SOUTH AVENUE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

INTERESTED MEN

Will be pleased to learn that we have lots of comfort in store for them.

A FLANNEL or SERGE SUIT and NEGLIGEE SHIRT and STRAW HAT make a good combination for this season.

We have extensive lines of these goods: coats and trousers—single or in suits. Straw Hats, Outing Caps, Negligee Shirts in ever so many patterns, Belts, Hose, etc, etc. Every comfortable thing for the season's wear. Not a bright idea escapes us—we are sure to have it, at a pleasing price.

H. W. RUBIN & CO.,
THE TERHUNE UNION MADE SHOE.
MERCHANT TAILORS. CLOTHIERS & FURNISHERS.

D. C. YOUNG

New lot of silk umbrellas, for ladies and gents, just received at store of D. C. Young. Handsome assortment of handles, quality good and prices much lower than usual.

Also new lot of men's dress shirts, which I am selling for 50c, manufactured to sell for 75c each.

Last consignment of shirt waists and summer dresses just in. Call and look over same before it is too late, as they are selling rapidly.

On summer dress goods I have reduced the prices. Nice line of lawns, dimities, etc., at 10c per yard; also printed challies at 5c per yard.

Stock of dry goods, boots, shoes and groceries complete. All goods sold for cash and for prices they cannot be beaten. Call and examine stock and satisfy yourself.

D. C. YOUNG,
SMETHPORT, PA., June 17, 1902.

Spring Styles
FOR MEN AND BOYS

The Spring Season of Nineteen Hundred and Two finds us elegantly equipped in Styles, Workmanship and Material for the demands of our Patrons and we are ready for your Spring and Summer Orders at once

Satisfactory Work Guaranteed

You should visit our establishment look over the samples and styles and make your selection now. While they are not necessarily "loud" our clothes "speak for themselves."

Shillenn & Torrence,
The Leading Tailors,
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

AT.....
J. Colegrove's
CAN BE FOUND A FULL LINE OF GROCERIES.

Chase & Sanborn's Celebrated Boston Coffee. Ask for F. S. Flour and take no other "just as good."

Try our English Breakfast Tea.

All goods delivered promptly.

Try us on your next week's groceries.

J. COLEGROVE.
106 East Main Street.

Hot Weather Wearables

Summer Suitings in Serges, Flannels, Homespuns and Wool Crashes, priced from

$5.00 to $14.00.

These garments are tailored in first class style and we guarantee a perfect fit. We have not overlooked the boys or children this summer. We have Flannel Suits, Wash Suits, Linen Pants, cool waists, Shirts and Blouses for the little folks, at very moderate prices.

Also a complete assortment of

Straw Hats, Belts, Underwear.

IKE SIMONS
46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store.
Full Line of Negligee Shirts Now Open.

F. G. Lindholm & Co. F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Sole agents for
QUEEN QUALITY,
the Famous
Shoe for Women

July Clearance Sale of Summer Goods.

Remember we have the exclusive sale for Standard Patterns.

A good store keeps one eye on quick action and resolute purpose. This is the time of year when certain stocks must be reduced even though involving losses. Things must not stay too long in one place. Manufacturers go by the same rule, disposing of all overplus products as soon as regular orders have been filled. On this ground they and the live merchant meet. We are ever on the alert for bargains. These bargains are yours.

Special Sale of

SHIRT WAIST SUITS

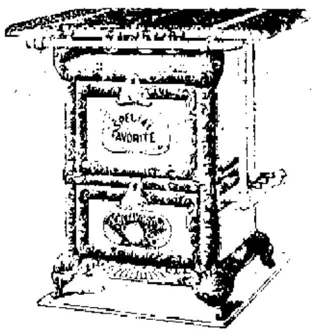
The Shirt Waist Suit grows in popular favor all the time; it has comfort and practicality in its favor, and to these advantages we add another—low price.

Shirt Waist Suit of sheer White lawn—back of waist has four groups of five tucks each, front has tucked plait down centre. Skirt has five gores with full flare flounces, trimmed at top with a stitched band of the goods.

Regular value $5.50 to go at $3.50. Other values at proportionately low prices.

Women's Skirts to go at half price.
$1.25 Crash Skirts at $.63
$1.50 Linen Skirts at $.75
We have big bargains to offer in
Dress Skirts,
Shirt Waists,
Petticoats,
Corset Covers,
Belts,
Mitts,
Kimonos,
Dressing Sacques,
Hammocks,
Porch Pillows

F. G. Lindholm & Co.



Your Credit Is Perfectly Good.

For any GAS RANGE or REFRIGERATOR we have. Make us a small cash payment and agree to pay us a small weekly payment and we will place in your home one of our best GAS RANGES or REFRIGERATOR and charge you no more for it than if you paid us cash. Come in and talk it over with us.

Redfield's Hardware,

McKean County Miner

Entered at the post office at Smethport as second class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 10, 1902

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Attend the Olean races next week.

—Spark's circus will be the attraction here to-morrow.

—The Smethport ball team plays a game at Kane this afternoon.

—The nine-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Benson of Colegrove died last night.

—John H. Sparks' circus, which will show here to-morrow, is well spoken of by our exchanges.

—J. C. Hamlin has a new ad in this issue, in which he tells of the stove that "makes others look sick."

—The silo belonging to Frank Sherburne was blown down Monday evening. The storm also did much damage to his corn and oat fields.

—A party of Smethport fishermen are camping on the headwaters of Potato creek this week. They are under the chaperonage of A. H. Pierce Jr.

—A valuable cow belonging to C. D. Comes was struck by lightning last Monday evening. The cow was not killed instantly, but she died later.

—Some good sport is promised at the Olean races next week. You should make it a point to have business in the city of natural advantages during this meet.

—The heavy wind on Monday tore off part of the roof on J. H. Rooney's barn. A nice pear tree in front of the house occupied by Mrs. Burt Olson was also blown down.

—The new park is becoming very popular with the people of Smethport. It was thronged with people all day Sunday and all were much pleased with this beautiful place.

—Teddy Roosevelt Jr., is wearing his head in a sling at present. At Oyster Bay, July 4, he placed a giant fire cracker in the neck of a bottle. The explosion blew a piece of glass against his forehead cutting it quite severely.

—Dr. E. R. Baker, G. B. Mayo, S. E. Bell and Ned Newman spent most of last week fishing in Potter county. They all brought home large catches of big trout. Ned Newman had one over a foot long which weighed a pound and one half.

—Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Sheehan, of Fourth Ave., were very pleasantly surprised Tuesday evening by a company of about thirty friends from West Ridgway. All reported a good time. Mrs. Sheehan's sister, Mrs. Chadwick and daughter Miss Jura, from Smethport, Pa., were also guests of the evening.—Ridgway Advocate.

—The town clock [illegible] placed in the tower and the Fourth of July will have the official time. [illegible] position and [illegible] —Emporium Independent.

—The condition of David L. Barr, a [illegible] engineer, who has been seriously ill with rheumatic fever at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs James Barr of Bishop street, is greatly improved. The patient suffered a relapse on Friday.—Bradford Era.

—A live bird shoot was held near Bradford last Sunday. It was a 20 bird contest with the following score: Geo. A. Bodine, 20; T. F. Connolly, 20; John Vantine, 17; Walter Willis, 16; George D. Russell, 16; Sam Stofer, 14; Fred Wrightman, 14; F. P. Holley, 14; Geo. C. Fagnan, 13; F. A. Fralic, 13; F. E. Durfey, 12.

—A terrific rain storm swept over Western New York early last Sunday morning doing hundreds of thousands of dollars damage to property and live stock. Miss Minnie Loper who ran a bakery at Arcade was drowned and there were many narrow escapes. Wyoming, Niagara and Cattaraugus counties suffered severely.

—Alex. Johns of Port Allegany, who has been tending bar for W. H. Martindale at Sizerville, shot and seriously wounded an Italian on Wednesday of last week. They had some trouble in the hotel and the following evening the Italian and a companion attempted to waylay Johns, who had a gun and used it with telling effect.

—It is now claimed that the glass blowing machine is a success. The American Window Glass Company will put in a large number of these machines this year, thus throwing out of employment thousands of skilled workmen, if the machine really is a success. Most glass blowers scoff at the claimed success of the machine, however.

—Mrs. Louisa A. Arnett of Farmers Valley has been granted an original widow's pension of $8 a month, to date from April 23rd, 1902. Her husband Harold Arnett, died April 9th, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Briggs, No. 128 Washington street, this city. The pension was secured through the agency of E. B. Sherman.—Bradford Record.

—Roland Freer was arrested Friday night by Officer Welch for being drunk and disorderly. When he was placed in the cell Freer attempted to escape being locked up by blocking the door. Welch shoved him back and slammed the door but Freer recovered himself in time to get his left thumb in the door jam. Dr. Ostrander was called and it was found that the end of the thumb was cut off and the bone severely crushed. The Doctor dressed the member and Freer went to his home near Port Allegany Saturday a sadder but wiser man.

—Martin McIntyre, who was arrested on Saturday night on the charge of assault and attempted rape on May Bellamy, waived a hearing yesterday afternoon before Alderman Egbert and gave bail in the sum of $800 for his appearance at the next term of court. The other young man who is wanted on the same charge at the instance of Lizzie Prentiss has left town and the warrant has not been served.—Bradford Star, Tuesday.

PERSONAL MENTION.

G. B. Mayo visited Olean Monday.

B. L. Knapp was a Bradford visitor yesterday.

Mrs. M. J. Husted is visiting friends in Mina, Pa.

Miss Bertha Wetenhall is visiting friends in Kane.

Miss Ruth Walker of Bradford is visiting friends in town.

Herbert Verdon of Jamestown is the guest of friends in town.

Gustine Cable was the guest of friends in town Tuesday evening.

Editor Blackman of the Port Allegany Argus was in town yesterday.

A. S. Moorehouse and family are visiting friends in Bellaire, Ohio.

Charles Brown of Hazelhurst was a visitor in town Monday evening.

Emmett Brooks of Buffalo is a guest of his cousin, Mrs. E. G. Carter.

Dr. W. A. Ostrander and L. K. Hogarth visited Kane last Saturday.

Mrs. Warley Gifford and daughter, Miss Ella, visited Olean Monday.

Miss Agnes Redding was a guest of Olean friends several days last week.

O. D. Gallup of Norwich was a pleasant caller at this office this morning.

Master William Colegrove returned Saturday from two weeks' visit in Boston.

Miss Theresa Holdenrider left for Angelica, N. Y., yesterday on an extended visit.

Mrs. Thomas Camp and daughter, Miss Mabel, are visiting friends in New Castle.

Orlo J. Hamlin is in Buffalo on business. Mrs. Hamlin will return home with him.

S. H. Glassmire of Coudersport was the guest of Smethport friends Friday and Saturday.

Misses Flora and Bessie Baker of Port Allegany spent Sunday the guests of friends in town.

Master Dunbar Davis of Wellsville, N. Y., is visiting his uncle, C. E. Martin, in this place.

Miss Maggie Pugh of Arcade, N. Y., was a guest of Mrs. E. G. Carter the latter part of the week.

Chas. A. Olmstead of [illegible], Pa., was renewing old acquaintances in town the latter part of last week.

Mr and Mrs. McManus and daughter, Florence, of Parkersburg, W. Va., are visiting relatives in town.

[illegible] left Saturday for Pittsburg where he expects to get employment with the Westinghouse Company.

Mrs. C. H. Curtis left last week for a few days' visit with Waterford friends and will then go to [illegible], Ohio.

Godfrey [illegible] left Monday for Ithaca where he will take a summer course preparatory to entering Cornell this fall.

J. M. McElroy of Bradford and John W. Campbell of Kane, Republican candidates for members of the legislature, were calling on their many friends in town the fore-part of the week.

Sidney Owen returned on Thursday of last week from Mt. Clemens, Mich., where he had been trying the efficacy of the mineral baths. Mr. Owen reports his condition much improved by the treatment.

Notice to Contractors.

Notice is hereby given that the school directors of Norwich township will receive bids for the building of a one story addition 24 x 28 feet to the Crosby school house. Plans and specifications can be seen by calling at E. E. Eldridge's store, Crosby. Bids will be closed at 2 p. m. Saturday, July 26, 1902. The right to reject any or all bids is reserved.

O. D. Gallup,
Secretary.

I have the agency for the best gas range on the market. In fact it is the only perfect gas range on the market. It is the one "that makes the others look sick." Call and see it before buying anything else and you will have nothing else.

J. C. Hamlin.

WANTED—A girl for general housework in family of three. The best of wages paid to a competent girl. Inquire of H. H. Redfield.

Gasoline in large or small quantities for cleaning purposes. Prices reasonable. Palmer Plumbing Co.

Detroit Jewel Gas Ranges always the most economical and convenient. Holmes & Gilfillan.

The Gas company don't like the Favorite Gas Range. I wonder why? H. H. Redfield.

Get Charles Lemmler's prices on traveling bags and trunks. He has the latest styles.

Three-In-One Oil, lubricator, polisher and cleaner. Try it. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Hot Plates and Ovens. They are gas savers. Redfield's Hardware.

Sectional Burners at the lowest prices. Redfield's Hardware.

THE BEST FARMER IN TOWN

has the greatest success because he has the best implements to work with. Plows are the most important of any tool; the best plow to-day and the easiest for man and beast is the new "LeRoy Plow." The large variety of styles adapt them to all the conditions of soil. You can find just the plow for your needs and every plow is guaranteed as represented. We are not in a "Trust" or Combine." Call for catalogue and full particulars at Palmer & Dodge's Livery, Smethport, Pa.

Restored Appetite.

is often due to the tempting viands set before one. We keep the ingredients necessary to the finest culinary art in our stock of first class groceries.

No stale or impure goods are allowed a place on our shelves.

Use Thornton & Chester's "Best and Pure Gold Flour." "The Breadmakers."

SHEPARD & GALLUP,
The Leading Grocers.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable estalishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

Central
State Normal School.
Lock Haven, Pa.

J. R. Flickinger, A. M., Sc. D., Principal.

Fall term opens Sept. 8th, 1902.

Offers free tuition to prospective teachers.

This institution is one of the foremost Normal Schools of the state. Has the handsomest and most modern buildings, a well educated faculty and a beautiful location. It also offers excellent courses in Music, Elocution, Shorthand, and has an excellent College Preparatory Department. Expenses absolutely lower than in any other institution of equal rank.

Address, for illustrated catalogue.

The Principal.

~~Easter Styles in~~
Millinery
Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Do not fail to call and inspect our complete line of **Spring & Summer Millinery** at your earliest convenience. All the latest and most becoming styles and shapes are here.

Notice to Contractors.

Notice is hereby given that the Town Council of the borough of Smethport, Pa., (J. W. Voorhees, Pres.,) will receive sealed proposals for furnishing all materials and labor for the construction of a trunk sewer in Mill and Willow streets, according to plans and specifications by Paul Lyon engineer, which may be seen and examined at the Council rooms in said borough. Bids will be received till 7:30 o'clock p. m. Monday, July 14, 1902. The Council reserves the right to reject any and all bids. Certified check for $200 must accompany each bid.

J. W. Voorhees, Pres.

Attest:
Lellie T. Colegrove, Sec'y.

Mrs. S. S. Woodbury,
47 Mechanic St. - - - Bradford, Pa.
Finest and Medium Grade Millinery.

At prices far below the high rent district. Also we do French Accordian Plaiting 1 to 48 inches, Guaranteed equal to New York City Work. Mail and Express Orders Returned Promptly.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that there will be no shooting allowed on the grounds now being used as a park in the borough of Smethport. The ordinance to that effect will be enforced.

By order of President of Borough Council.

FRY & HERZOG

DRY GOODS—CARPETS—MEN'S FURNISHINGS.
CARPETS MADE FREE.

JULY CLEARING SALE.

The midsummer season finds us with many odd lots of merchandise such as you will need just now.

We have carried larger assortments and enjoyed a greatly increased business this year, hence more lots to close out at prices that are sufficient in themselves to accomplish our aim.

COLORED SHIRT WAISTS.

¼ off regular prices.

50c	Waists	38c
75c	"	56c
$1.50	"	75c
$1.50	"	$1.13
$2.00	Waists, Gibson Style	$1.50
$2.50	" " "	$1.75

WASH SKIRTS.

Slightly soiled.

$2.50	Skirt	$1.50
$2.75	"	$1.75
$3.00	"	$2.00

GOLF CLOTH. 29 inches wide.

For Walking Skirts.

Browns, Blues & Gray mixtures.

40c grade 29c yd.

DRESSING SACQUES.

¼ off regular prices.

75c	Sacques	56c
$1.00	"	75c
$1.50	"	$1.13
$2.00	"	$1.50
$2.25	"	$1.60

HOT AT LAST!

ARE YOU PREPARED FOR IT?

If not, let us sell you a

LEONARD'S CLEANABLE REFRIGERATOR

to keep your foods and drinks cool and refreshing.

It will save much in labor and provision.

The outer finish of these refrigerators is the very finest. They are built with eight walls and lined with either Porcelain or Zinc.

GET OUR PRICES.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
Lumber and Hardware
Blacksmiths' and Wagon Makers' Supplies
We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top.
Smethport, Pa. McKean County.

OLEAN RACES.

July 15, 16, 17, 18.

PURSES = = = $5,200.

13 EVENTS. $400 EACH.

Entries close July 8.

Records made that day no bar.

The entry list is large; many of the best horses from the Baltimore and Cleveland circuits having been entered. Star events for every day.

Excursions on all railroads.

Holleywood Mixed Paints

are the best. They wear the best because they are perfectly mixed from lead and oil.

I have a large stock in all colors and shades and white and black.

This paint is always ready for use. Call and get prices.

H. C. WELLS.

KODAKS AND KODAK SUPPLIES.

We are agents for Eastman's Kodaks in this section. Our prices are as low as anywhere.

McCoy's Drug Store,
SMETHPORT, PA. NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE.

Morgan's Men Riding Home

A FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY WAR STORY

July 17-22, 1862

[Copyright, 1902, by G. L. Kilmer.]

MORGAN, the raider, with his whole band of rough riders, was in the heart of Kentucky the middle of July, 1862. His safety lay in stampeding the Federal forces in the region where he rode. The headquarters of the enemy were at Louisville, on the Ohio. Cincinnati, also on the Ohio and 100 miles northeast of Louisville, contained a strong garrison and could easily summon help from the east and north. The city of Lexington, seventy-five miles east of Louisville and the same distance south of Cincinnati, was also an important Federal army post.

With but a thousand sabers at his back and enemies numbering tens of thousands having quick connections by rail and telegraph, Morgan's game with respect to the three large cities was to threaten all and tackle none. Four days after he entered the state he was in Lebanon, only one day's gallop from either Lexington or Louisville. He took possession of the telegraph and intercepted a dispatch from the Federal commander at Louisville to the commander at Lebanon stating that a regiment was on the way by train to reinforce the garrison at Lebanon. Morgan [illegible] the garrison [illegible] promptly sent out a detachment to burn the railroad bridge ahead of the oncoming [illegible].

Lebanon was filled with army stores, and after [illegible] for Morgan's [illegible] at that he didn't [illegible] for [illegible] were [illegible] besides [illegible] themselves [illegible]. In the stock he found 2[illegible] sabers and told his troopers to help themselves, for new [illegible] were very scarce in the Confederacy. [illegible] to [illegible] hand [illegible] [illegible] trays [illegible].

From Lebanon the raiders rode to west Lexington at [illegible] Perryville, Frankfort, an important point on the road to Louisville. Every day the cavalcade picked up a straggling Federal officer or small detachment of Kentucky Home guards. The prisoners were paroled at the convenient time and set free with some story as to Morgan's movements which would deceive the enemy.

At Harrodsburg the raiders had a hearty reception by the citizens. The [illegible] turned out to welcome the Kentucky braves. Galloping north from Harrodsburg, Morgan halted at Lawrenceburg, twenty miles from Frankfort, and waited until his spies brought word of the situation in Frankfort. There were 2,000 or 3,000 Yankees there, and the raiders turned east toward Lexington. In their path way lay the bridgeless Kentucky river. The only ferryboat in the vicinity had been sunk by the Home guard, but the raiders fished it out of the water and crossed over in the night without being discovered.

Dashing on to Versailles, fifteen miles from Lexington, the raiders captured 300 army horses belonging to the enemy. At the village of Midway Operator Ellsworth read the passing dispatches and learned that a train with two regiments of Federals was about due at that point. Morgan quickly tore up the track and posted his men and guns to give the train a reception, but was cheated of his prey by an alarm sent into the lines which turned the train back to Frankfort. A dispatch to Midway from Lexington asking if the road was safe to send a trainload of troops forward was read by Ellsworth, who at Morgan's dictation answered, "No sign of Morgan here." The train got the alarm and didn't venture to Midway.

Numerous dispatches between the Federal General Ward at Lexington and General Finnel at Frankfort about Morgan passed into Ellsworth's ear and then into Morgan's. He knew just where his enemies were and, being headed for Georgetown, near Lexington, had Ellsworth forward another misleading telegram. This informed the Federals that Morgan had passed Midway and gone toward Frankfort.

Georgetown gave the raiders another enthusiastic welcome, and they tarried two days. But the time was not passed in rollicking. Morgan picked up and drilled new recruits for his battalions and also destroyed the track and stone bridges between Frankfort and Lexington and northward from Lexington toward Cincinnati. Before setting out he sent bogus dispatches through Ellsworth to the Federals at Lexington saying that Morgan's pickets were skirmishing near Frankfort. Two companies of the raiders then galloped on to the outskirts of Lexington in an opposite direction and opened fire, while Morgan and the main body of troopers dashed northward and struck Cynthiana, thirty miles above Lexington, on the road to Cincinnati. Cynthiana was well garrisoned by cavalry, infantry and artillery. Sending his Texas squadron around to the right and another regiment to the enemy's rear, Morgan advanced the Kentuckians boldly up the main street. The Federal soldiers resisted at all points, and it took an hour and a half of desperate fighting to carry the town. Colonel Landram and his officers and men of the Eighteenth Kentucky Home guard stood out against heavy odds. Landram defended himself with his pistol and shot down an aid of Morgan who tried to capture him. The garrison at Cynthiana lost about fifty killed and wounded and believed that Morgan suffered more than that, but some of his dead were thrown into the river.

Cynthiana was the farthest point north touched by Morgan. He turned back from there toward Lexington again. The military authorities at Louisville and Cincinnati were wiring in all directions for aid to cut off the raiders, every general lamenting that his orders were not carried out and Morgan still loose in Kentucky. The raiders had been at their work a week without meeting opposition worthy the name. But Morgan had had enough, and the next thing in the bold game was to get out of Kentucky.

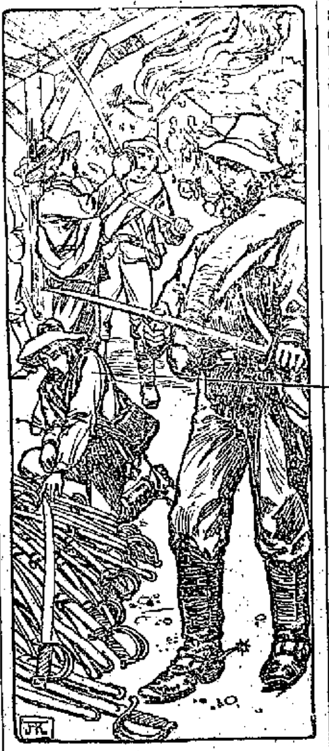
To ride out of Kentucky after raiding a week in the heart of it ought to have been made impossible for Morgan, but it was not. He set his face toward the very track by which he had entered the state and made it without a battle. Leaving Cynthiana, he rode back on the Lexington road to Paris, which surrendered without a struggle. Halting there for the night, he struck southward, leaving Lexington [illegible] west of his course, and rode into Richmond on the 20th of July. He was then far to the east of the track of his first dashing exploits, and the Federals were looking for him everywhere excepting the point where he [illegible]. Through Ellsworth, however, he learned from the wires that large columns of cavalry were following close on his trail and rode on to Crab Orchard.

At Crab Orchard Ellsworth once more manipulated the wires. He learned the exact location of every body of Federal troops and wound up the exploit by countermanding in the name of General Boyle at Louisville every order for the pursuit of Morgan that had been given. The messages [illegible] were [illegible] the operator [illegible] George Ellsworth, the [illegible] "rebel" was on the line in Kentucky.

The town of Somerset, ten miles north of the Cumberland, was the last halt of the raiders. The place had been used as a storehouse for the Federal army, but no garrison was on hand to defend it. After taking new outfits of blankets, shoes and other clothing the raiders set fire to the leavings and watched them burn. Morgan was happy. He had ridden 1,000 miles through the Blue Grass State and picked up several hundred crack soldiers to fill his ranks. The enemy had been whipped at every encounter, his cowards outwitted and the hopes of the southern sympathizers in Kentucky fired anew. He counted his own loss in men less than 100, and had captured and paroled more Federal than he mustered troopers in his own column.

The serious work of the campaign being over, Morgan couldn't leave the state without a characteristic goodby to some of his old associates who had stuck to the northern flag. One of these was the noted editor, George D. Prentice, of Louisville. To him Ellsworth wired the following dispatch, dated Somerset, July 22, 1862:

> Good morning, George D. I am quietly watching the complete destruction of Uncle Sam's property in this little burg. I exceedingly regret that it is the last that comes under my supervision on this route. I expect in a short time to pay you a visit and wish to know if you will be at home. All well in Dixie. J. H. MORGAN.



MORGAN'S TROOPERS ARMING THEMSELVES WITH UNCLE SAM'S SABERS.

Another dispatch, in a more boasting vein, was sent to the Hon. George Dunlap, a Kentucky congressman, at Washington. Then the raiders rode across the border to Tennessee, went into camp and coolly waited for the invading armies of Kirby Smith and Bragg to come along on their northward march.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

The Peach Crop.

"Yes, indeed," said he. "Miss Love has a complexion like a peach."

"That's so," replied her rival. "It's bound to fall."—Philadelphia Press.

THE CLUMSY MAN.

You Can Never Be Sure of What His Next Break Will Be.

The great [illegible] about the really clumsy man is that he never exhausts his capabilities. When you think that the bedrock is reached, there is still a lower depth. If a detrimental relative should exist, the clumsy man asks after his health with great particularity and will not be satisfied until he receives a full and detailed reply. Should there be any incident in your past which everybody has generously agreed to forget it is the clumsy man who seizes the one, the inevitable opportunity, when the club is at its fullest and says loudly: "Somebody was talking the other day about that unfortunate little affair of yours in '95. Now tell me."

When on meeting him you say casually and with no desire for information, "How are you?" he insists on giving you [illegible] to date, and he is as full of small complaints as a refractory pauper. It is only fair to add that he will ask affectionately after the colds of yesteryear, and his favorite locale for this is at the corner of a drafty street. He might be subsidized by influenza or he might get a commission on sore throats from his eagerness to pin you into the most dangerous position that can be [illegible].

[illegible] sympathy [illegible], but our man always [illegible] a little beyond this point. You [illegible] thin, and he says that [illegible] away to a shadow. You are [illegible] and he tells [illegible] apoplexy. He [illegible] critical that a hair [illegible] gives the least expense.—[illegible]

A UNIQUE DORMITORY.

One That Is Owned by the University of the South.

[illegible]

"You," said [illegible] thinking for a [illegible], "you can have the hotel building down at [illegible]," naming the town. "You can take it to pieces and move it to Sewanee. It ought to make a pretty little dormitory."

The old [illegible] was greatly pleased and made all the arrangements to move the hotel, when, to his astonishment, the citizens of the town obtained an injunction against its removal on the grounds that the hotel in a way was public property and that to remove it would leave the town without any hotel accommodations. A legal fight followed, but the university won out in the end. So the University of the South revels in the luxury of the most unique dormitory in the world.—New York Times.

The Home of the Kindergarten.

The Japanese have the most perfect kindergarten system in the world. In fact, they originated this method of instructing by entertainment instead of by punishment inflicted. Their play apparatus for such purpose is elaborate, but all of it is adapted to the infant mind, which it is designed at once to amuse and to inform. The little ones of Japan even become somewhat interested in mathematics by seeing and feeling what a pretty thing a cone, a sphere or a cylinder is when cut out of wood with a lathe. They make outlines of solid figures out of straw, with green peas to hold the joints together, and for the instruction of the blind flat blocks are provided with the Japanese characters raised upon them.

Insomnia Remedies.

However hopeless you may consider your case, be slow to fly to drugs for relief from insomnia. A rubber bag full of broken ice applied to the back of the neck and a hot water bag at the feet are highly recommended as a remedy for insomnia even in obstinate cases. The circulation is equalized by this treatment.

The secret of hot milk cure also recommended for sufferers from insomnia lies in sipping the beverage. The act of slowly swallowing the liquid is soothing in its effect and generally produces the much desired drowsy feeling which leads to the coveted sleep.

In a Higher Position.

"Me darter Nora is goin' to marry Casey, that wurrucks in the basemint iv thot buildin', but Oi do be tillin' her that she moight hev looked higher!"

"Indade?"

"Yis. She cud hov hed Murphy, that wurrucks on the top story iv that same skoiscraper."—Baltimore Herald.

Putting It Gently.

"But is she pretty?"

"Well, I don't believe in talking about a girl's looks behind her back. Her father's worth about $20,000,000, and they've taken her to Europe twice without bringing back any titles, so you can form your own opinion."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Even if a boy is always whistling "I Want to Be An Angel" it is just as well to keep the raspberry jam and cheese cakes on the top shelf of the pantry.

GLASS FOR WINDOWS

THE METHOD AND THE MATERIALS OF ITS MANUFACTURE.

Enough Arsenic in the Windows of an Ordinary House to Kill a Regiment of Men—Process of the Tankhouse and the Pothouse.

People who have glass windows in their homes do not know that the glass contains enough arsenic to make it a deadly poison. Glassmakers say that the windows of an ordinary home contain enough of this poison to kill a regiment of men. The popular supposition that glass is made of sand is a correct one, but a quantity of other articles enters into its composition.

Window glass factories are divided into two departments, a tankhouse and a pothouse. The process of glassmaking in one of these departments is practically the same as in the other. In the tankhouse the glass is all melted in immense tanks which will hold thousands of tons. In the pothouse the glass is made in pots.

After the fires are lighted and a tank is heated the glass mixture is shoveled in. It includes glass left over from the former season, glass refuse, sand and salt cake. Arsenic is not used in the tank [illegible] for the reason that the heat is so intense that the drug is volatilized and escapes into the air without entering the mixture. As the mixture melts and flows to one end of the tank fresh supplies are shoveled in at the other end.

The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] similar to that of [illegible] in a distillery. [illegible] the salt [illegible] which has to be separated from the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] it off. This is done by the long [illegible] wood [illegible] the tank [illegible] of the molten [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] The melted glass [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] ready [illegible] [illegible].

A gatherer [illegible] [illegible] the lower [illegible] the tank. He twists and turns it until a [illegible] of glass adheres on the end. This ball is gradually cooled, polished by rolling back of a box of sawdust and then passed on to the blower, who heats it again until it becomes like taffy. The blower swings the ball over a pit that is twelve feet deep and rapidly blows it into an elongated pear shape. When a blower is through, the melted glass becomes a perfect cylinder about 5 feet long and 2 feet across. It then passes to a "snapper," who takes it to a rack and breaks the roller loose from the blowpipe.

The snapper gathers a small lump of melted glass on the end of a rod and dexterously runs a narrow ribbon of the stuff around the ends of the roller, both at the blowpipe end and the closed end. The little ribbons of melted glass cool in a few seconds, when they are removed, leaving a narrow zone of almost redhot glass around the rollers at each end. Then, taking a tool that resembles a soldering iron, the snapper rubs it for a moment on his forehead, and when the point of it is moistened with perspiration he runs the iron around the rollers at the heated spot. The glass cracks and separates as cleanly as if cut with a diamond, the blowpipe is removed, and the closed cylinder has become a roller and is then ready to go to the flattener.

The flattener works in another part of the building, where are located the flattening ovens. These ovens are heated to a temperature sufficient to soften the glass so that it may be rolled out into sheets. A series of fireclay tables placed in a circle like the spokes of a wheel revolve in the ovens, and on these tables the rollers are flattened. They are placed inside, allowed to become hot, and then a cold iron is run along the inside from end to end. The contact of the iron cuts the glass, which is then straightened out upon the table.

The flattener has a number of billets of green wood attached to long iron handles, and with these billets, which are shaped in such a manner as to do the work expected of them, he "irons" the softened sheet of glass until it is perfectly flat and smooth. The tables inside the oven revolve, the flattened sheet is carried away, and another roller is brought into position before the flattener. As the flattened sheets cool they are lifted to a place on a long traveling rack, on which they are by stages removed from the ovens, being allowed to cool as they go. This is done in order that the glass may not be shattered by too quick an exposure to the air.

When the sheets are taken from the flattening ovens, they are covered with a greasy, dirty looking coat of chemicals—soda, potash, silicates of the different salts, etc.—which must be removed, and for this purpose the rough sheets are placed in an acid bath composed of hydrochloric and sulphuric acids more or less diluted. After their immersion in this bath the sheets are taken to the cutting room, where workmen cut them into sizes and make them ready for the packers. Hardly a scrap of the glass except the rough edges is wasted. In fact, none is wasted, as all refuse goes back to be melted. After the cutters have finished their work the glass is packed in boxes and is then ready for the market.—Indianapolis News.

Moved His Admiration.

Undergraduate (to chum)—That Miss Slick is the finest conversationalist I ever met. She knows all the track records for three years back.—Chicago News.

Life is only a brief lesson, and school's out 'fore we know it.—Atlanta Constitution.

GETTING AWAY FROM HOME

The Spirit of Restlessness and the Desire For Change.

Judging by a good deal of the conversation of the present day, there are a large number of people who have a positive horror of home. This curious revulsion of feeling is taken by many persons as a sign of social deterioration. For our own part we find it difficult to take it quite seriously or to see in it anything more than a passing whim.

Nobody nowadays likes monotony. Change is what people desire—not perhaps any great change, but lots of small change; not necessarily for the better, but for its own sake. Now, there is a great sameness about one's own four walls, be they ever so handsome. We all feel at times an overpowering desire to look at something else. We cannot change the patterns or the pictures on them every day, and neither they nor the home furniture ever seems to alter in expression.

Again, there is a terrible sameness about one's own cook. Experience enables us to foretell the taste of everything at home, from the soup to the savory if we are rich and from the mutton to the cheese if we are poor; whereas if we dine at a restaurant everything down to the salt is different, and the restaurant is refurnished daily with new faces.

Then, again, the music and stir going on around one avoid the necessity for much conversation, and conversation in the home circle is sometimes difficult and sometimes dull. It does not do always just to say what one thinks. It is such bad practice for dining out, and, this being the case, it is not easy sometimes to think what to say.

Nowadays we get, socially speaking, tired of our friends and most of our acquaintances. We want them to pass continually before us like a street procession, instead of that they rather resemble a stage crowd and keep going up [illegible]. There is a limit to those we know, a limit even to those we should like or should be likely to know even by sight, and the most [illegible] [illegible] is [illegible]. The barrier of good manners which [illegible] those who are [illegible] [illegible] other should speak is [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] is not a very bad [illegible] it is one which it is amusing to look over.—London Spectator.

SOME PUZZLERS.

How many teeth have you?

How high (in inches) is a silk hat?

Which way does the crescent moon turn, to the right or left?

How many toes has a cat on each fore foot? On each hind foot?

What color are your employer's eyes? The eyes of the man at the next desk?

In which direction is the face turned on a cent? On a quarter? On a dime?

How many steps lead from the street to the front door of your house or flat?

What are the exact words on a two cent stamp, and in which direction is the face on it turned?

Write down, offhand, the figures on the face of your watch. The odds are that you will make at least two mistakes in doing this.

What is the name, signed in facsimile, on any dollar, two dollar, five dollar or ten dollar bill you ever saw? You've read dozens of those names. Can you remember one?

Your watch has some words written or printed on its face. You have seen these words a thousand times. Write them out correctly. Few can do this. Also what is the number in the case of your watch?—Washington Times.

It is remarkable how rich a girl's father always becomes in the dispatches right after she has eloped or gone on the stage.—Detroit Free Press.

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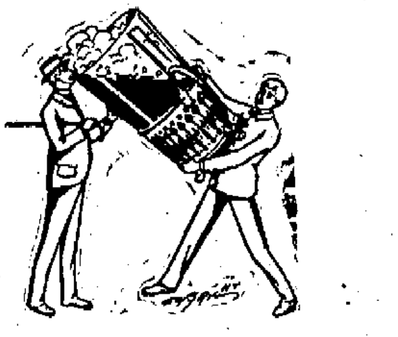
ROSE ALLEN,
Administratrix.

Smethport, Pa., June 9, 1902.



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NANCIEBEL

A Tale of Stratford-on-Avon

By WILLIAM BLACK

CHAPTER I.

THERE was a slight sprinkling of snow on this walled and tiled back garden, or back yard, rather, in the High street of Stratford-on-Avon, and the two figures who, arm in arm, were slowly pacing up and down were well wrapped up, for the night was cold. The one was a tall young fellow of three or four and twenty, of slim build and fair complexion. The other was a young lady of lesser height, who wore a tall hat with tragic sable plumes and had also a black fur boa wound round her neck. Not much could be seen of her face, indeed, except that she had a pert and pretty nose and soft, eloquent, pleading dark eyes.

The young man was in an oracular mood. He was delivering a discourse, and it was a discourse on the letter "h." He was proving to his companion that all the learned and polished nations of ancient and modern times had recollected and despised the letter "h," even when they did not resolutely ignore it, and he was insisting that the importance conferred on that letter by the English speaking communities and the social use it had been put to as a sort of shibboleth and test of one's upbringing were the result of nothing but crass and vulgar ignorance.

"Ah, I know what you mean, Richard," the young lady said plaintively. "It is all to give me courage if ever I should meet your mother some day, for you know, dear, I never do make a mistake when I am frightened or anxious. Indeed," she added shyly, "I think you are rather sorry, Richard, that you can't oftener catch me tripping, because of the penalty. You haven't caught me once lately in spite of all your difficult sentences. Is that why you instituted prizes instead of penalties? And tell me this, Richard, how can the same thing be both a prize and a penalty?"

"Nanciebel," said he in answer to these mysterious references, "this is not a time for asking conundrums. I tell you tonight I am going to speak to my mother to tell her the whole story"—

"Oh, no, Richard!" she exclaimed imploringly. "Don't do that! That will only be the end, and we shall never see each other again. And our acquaintanceship has been so pleasant"—

"Acquaintanceship, Nancy?"

"Whatever you like to call it. It has been so pleasant. It will be a thing to look back on in after years. But it will never be more than that."

"Oh, stuff!" he said angrily. "I really wonder at you, Nancy! I never get the least help or encouragement from you. Don't I know that the circumstances are difficult enough? But you—you exaggerate them. You haven't the courage of a mouse. You talk as if I were a prince in disguise and as if you expected my mother to throw you into the Tower as soon as she got to know. I wish you would have a little common sense. The widow and son of a captain in the navy are not such exalted personages"—

At this moment an open door at the foot of the yard was still further opened, and there stood revealed, shining in the ruddy light, the stationer's shop and "fancy goods emporium" which was owned by Miss Nancy's elder brother and over which that young lady herself presided.

"Nancy!" called a small boy, a younger brother.

"All right, Jim! One moment, Richard"—and she had gone to attend to that infrequent visitor, a customer.

When she had returned and had taken his arm again and nestled up to him (for the night was exceedingly cold and she was an affectionate kind of creature), she said:

"Richard, what would your mother think if she saw me behind that counter?"

"She would think you were extremely pretty," said he, with promptitude. "And, what is more, when she gets to know you she will say you are as good and true and kind and warm hearted as you are nice to look at. And what more could you want?"

"Ah," said Nanciebel sadly, "you fancy she will see me with your eyes; but that is not the way of the world."

"What do you know of the way of the world?" he made answer. "Look here, Nancy. Haven't I told you that my mother's two books are the Bible and Tennyson and that she believes equally in both? Very well. Now let her put her faith into practice. 'Kind hearts are more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood.'"

"Ah, yes; it is so pretty to read about in a book," said Nanciebel in her plaintive way, "but it is so different in actual life"—

He threw away her hand from his arm.

"I have no patience with you!" he said, with an angry frown.

And she on her side was just as quick. She drew herself up and said with proud lips:

"And I, Mr. Kingston, have no wish to remain here to be insulted. Good night!"

She was moving haughtily away, and he, in his temper was like to let her go, but he thought better of it; he put his hand on her shoulder and somewhat sulkily said when he laid hold of her:

"Nancy!"

"Oh, I suppose you do not understand," she said indignantly, "that I have a little self respect, that I wish to be treated with a little common civility and courtesy. But I would have you know that I am just as proud as you are, prouder, although our stations in life may be different"—

"Nancy!" he said in a more appealing way.

"But I am content," she continued in the same proud and indignant tones. "I have asked nothing from you. This relationship between you and me was not of my seeking, and now that it must end—now that it has ended—good and well. I have nothing to regret. Good night, Mr. Kingston!"

And again she was going away, but he caught her by both shoulders.

"Nancy, Nancy, listen to me! How can you be so unreasonable"—

She tore herself from him, but it was only to burst into a passionate fit of crying and sobbing, her hands over her face, her head averted. Of course he was beside her in a moment, drawing her toward him and petting her.

"I didn't mean it, Nancy! I meant nothing at all!" he pleaded. "Don't make me miserable! I can't bear to see you crying"—

"It is of no consequence," she sobbed. "It has all come to an end now. I knew it from the beginning. And—and there has been enough of misery—and enough of misunderstanding and quarreling; we were never suited for each other—it has been a mistake throughout—and—and now there is an end—and—and I am glad—I am very glad," she said, with another burst of tears.

"Come, come, Nanciebel," said he soothingly and coaxingly. "Don't say everything is at an end on the very night that I am going to appeal to my mother and when I want all the self confidence and courage I can muster. Why don't you look on the brighter side of things? Think how fond she is of me. She would do anything for me. And then, if it comes to that, I have some claim to be considered. It wasn't nice for me to be called away from Oxford when my father died at the end of my very first term. One single term! But did I grudge it? No; not when the mater put it before me and said how lonely she would be in the world and asked me to be her companion. And here have I been living in that old fashioned place, hardly seeing anybody, with next to nothing to do, and, when I show my mother how a little family of three would be ever so much more snug and comfortable than our two solitary selves living there, don't you think she will agree?"

"You are so unkind to me, Richard!" murmured Nanciebel, with hidden face, but she did not attempt to get away from him now.

"No, I am not. It is you who are so unreasonable," he protested.

"Then say you will not do it again," the half sobbing voice murmured.

"I'll promise you that or anything else you like, Nancy," he said, "if you'll only look up and let me see your face and be good and kind again, as you can be when you choose."

She did as she was bidden, and as she dried her eyes she said:

"I call it downright wicked of you, Richard, when you are about to take such a serious step to waste the time in quarreling and trying to vex and hurt me. How do we know how many hours we may ever have together? Perhaps this is the very last, and yet you quarrel!"—

"I am sure I did not! It was you!"

"Now, don't begin again, Richard!" she said. "How can you be so unjust and inconsiderate and unkind when you know what I have to suffer for your sake? And are you really going to speak to your mother tonight? When shall I know what she says? Oh, I am so frightened when I think of it! I lie awake at night wondering how you will begin—wondering what her answer will be. And I know, dear," continued Nanciebel, with a bit of a sigh, "that if she is angry with anybody it will be with me. She will blame it all on me. She will never think it was you who—who—began to—began to"—

"When once she sees your pretty eyes, Nancy, she will understand the whole affair," said he. "And that is what I am most anxious for. If I can only get her to know you—to know you as you are—I have no fear. It would be all plain sailing then."

"Mothers and sons have different ways of looking at things," said Nancy, who had her little traits of shrewdness, "especially when it is some one the son is fond of. Oh, just think of going to see her! It frightens me to death! I know what she will be saying to herself: 'You—you impertinent wretch of a girl, how dare you try to entrap my son? How dare you imagine you will enter our family?' And I don't, Richard, dear! I don't indeed! I do not dare to imagine anything of the kind. I am too terrified. It would be far better to let everything remain as it is.

"You will go and get married to some one whom your mother will approve of, and many a year hence you will be saying to your wife: 'I once knew a girl called Nancy. She lived at Stratford. I think she was a little bit fond of me—poor Nancy!' And I suppose I may get married, too, but I wouldn't utter a word to anybody about what is over and gone. I would only think and think of the dear, dear winter nights when you used to walk with me arm in arm and both of us dreaming of all kinds of impossibilities and my heart just beating and throbbing for happiness. And I will never, never part with the locket, I don't care who may object. If ever I marry, I will say this: 'Well, you must take me as I am, and I can't help remembering things.' And I know this—whatever happens to me and whether I marry or don't marry the dearest name in all the world will always be to me—Richard!"

"You speak very freely of the chance of your marrying some one else," said he (though surely her artless confession might have been sufficient for the most exacting of lovers), "but I am going to make sure you shall do nothing of the kind unless you mean to commit bigamy. Is that your little project, Nanciebel?"

"Ah, it is all very well for you to talk with such a light heart, Richard, dear," she answered, "but I don't know what is going to happen tonight nor what you may have to tell me tomorrow."

"Why, what can happen?" he remonstrated. "You don't understand at all, Nancy. You seem to imagine I am going to face a stern parent, who will storm and rave and cut me off with fourpence halfpenny and who will get hold of you and lock you up in a cell on bread and water. My goodness! The mater is just about the gentlest little woman in the world. You will find that out for yourself some day. And why should you dread what is going to happen tonight? Do you think I am going to ask her permission to marry? Not likely! I hope I am old enough to judge and decide and act for myself. But of course when I tell her that I have judged and decided and that I mean to act on my own account I hope she will take it all right. It will be so much more pleasant.

"Of course I don't wish to annoy her; I wouldn't vex her for the world, and I know I have done nothing to vex her if she will only listen to reason and if she will consent to make your acquaintance, for that's where it all lies, Nancy, as I have told you again and again. When she knows you she will just take you to her heart. And that is what I am going to ask of her tonight that I may bring you out to Woodend, so that you two may become friends. She must know well enough that it is better for me to marry a good, true hearted girl than to run the racket that most young fellows do, and where could she find anybody that would make a more affectionate daughter than yourself, Nancy? For there is that about you, you know—you have a fine capacity for loving"—

"You needn't bring that as a charge against me, Richard!" she interposed, with a pout.

"A charge against you! It is your most adorable quality, Nancy," he said, "so long as you reserve all your loving for me. But I shan't quarrel with you if you transfer a little of it to the mater, who can be very affectionate, too, when she likes. Now I must be off, dear, or I shall be late for dinner. Tonight I am going to see what can be done. I think everything will go smoothly. And tomorrow, how shall I be able to tell you what has happened? You know I don't like coming here much in the daytime, Nancy, lest people should talk."

"Kate will be back from Evesham tomorrow morning," Nanciebel made answer. "I can get out at any time. Suppose you meet me at the end of the church, by the river; that will be out of the way."

"And at what time, Nancy?"

"Any time you like. Well, say a little after 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Will that suit you, Richard?"

Then he kissed her and ten or twelve minutes after he passed through the front premises and soon he had quitted the busy streets of Stratford town and was out in the white and silent country. As he strode along the highway he looked up to the palely irradiated heavens, and he repeated aloud, for he was about as deeply steeped in Tennyson as his mother was:

"As shines the moon in clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was seen;
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair and lovesome mien.
So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been;
Cophetua sware a royal oath,
'This beggar maid shall be my queen!'"

And, of course, he was the King Cophetua of these modern times, or at least Nancy appeared to think so, though she would hardly have appreciated the allusion to her poor attire, for Nanciebel was one of the most smartly dressed girls in Stratford-on-Avon.

And Tennyson was again and cunningly called into requisition that evening by this young man. When he got home, he had just time to dress for dinner, a mark of respect he never failed to pay to his mother. Then he gave her his arm and led her into the dining room, as his father had been wont to do before him. It was a quaint, old fashioned looking apartment, for Woodend had been originally a farmhouse, and when it was changed into an independent residence they had transformed the big kitchen into a dining room, so that here were stone floors partially covered with rugs and a vast hearth with brass fire dogs for the logs of wood and shelves over the sideboard for a brave display of shining pewter platters. Mr. Richard was somewhat silent during this meal. His mother asked him how he had spent the day, but he could give no clear account of himself. The fact is this young man was accustomed to haunt the town of Stratford and its neighborhood on the chance of his getting a glimpse of a certain gray and purple dress, a costume which he could now recognize at a great distance and which told him that Nanciebel had come forth for a little stroll, perhaps across the fields to Shottery or over the bridge and along to the Weir brake.

It was wonderful what an amount of conversation these two had to get through and how all important it was that certain things should be repeated on every occasion on which they met. Or if they did not speak at all they were still happy enough, for their imaginations were busy with the long lifetime stretching out before them. Then before entering the town again on their return they parted, for Stratford, like most other small places, is inclined to gossip, and this separation lasted until the dusk of the winter afternoon came down and until the lamps were lighted, when he could approach the little stationer's shop unobserved. At this time of the year there was not much doing in any of these establishments. In summer Miss Nancy was kept busy enough with visitors, mostly Americans, who bought photographs of the parish church, of Shakespeare's birthplace and of the beautiful river view that has been spoiled by the hideous theater, and who were proud to take away with them as memorials of their visit all sorts of penholders, albums, needlecases, blotting pads, matchboxes, paper knives, birthday books and similar things, each with a little glazed picture of some bit of Stratford or of Warwickshire to tell where it had come from. But in winter Miss Nancy's situation was a sinecure. At any moment she could leave her sister Kate in charge—nay, if Mr. Richard chanced to come in of an evening and if she was minded to put on her furry jacket and her tall hat and go for a little stroll with him up and down the walled in inclosure at the back, even her small brother Jim could take her place, ready to call out "Nancy!" if any one happened to come in. Jim played gooseberry to perfection, for he was a studious boy, with a dark love of pirates and cutthroats and equatorial savages, and when he was reveling in bucketfuls of blood he little cared how long his sister Nancy might keep pacing up and down in the crisp snow out there. Mr. Richard supplied him bountifully with his favorite literature, and Jim had eyes and ears for nothing else.

When dinner was over at Woodend, Richard Kingston went to the door and opened it for his mother, but ere she passed out on her way to the drawing room he said to her, with his eyes cast down and with a most unusual hesitation and abashment:

"Mother, I want you to do me a favor. I want you to—to read a page of this book—and—and to think about it. I have marked it. Will you take it now—and read it?"

"Oh, yes, Richard, of course, if you wish it!" the gentle faced little woman said, wondering at her son's confusion. Had this been a manuscript poem of his own composition she could have understood his embarrassment, but the familiar green volume—her beloved Tennyson—why should that cause the boy any perturbation? However, she took away the book with her, and he shut the door after her and returned to the fireplace to stand there and ponder over what he had done and its possible consequences.

For the page which Mrs. Kingston had been besought to read and consider in this especial manner contained three verses, and the verses were these:

And slowly was my mother brought
To yield consent to my desire;
She wished me happy, but she thought
I might have look'd a little higher.
And I was young, too young to wed.
"Yet must I love her for your sake.
Go fetch your Alice here," she said;
Her eyelid quiver'd as she spake.

And down I went to fetch my bride;
But, Alice, you were ill at ease;
This dress and that by turns you tried,
Too fearful that you should not please.
I loved you better for your fears,
I knew you could not look but well,
And dews that would have fall'n in tears
I kissed away before they fell.

I watch'd the little flutterings,
The doubt my mother would not see;
She spoke at large of many things,
And at the last she spoke of me,
And, turning, look'd upon your face
As near this door you sat apart
And rose and, with a silent grace
Approaching, press'd you heart to heart.

Would the gentle eyed and gentle voiced little widow in the next room understand? Surely the message, the entreaty, was clear enough! Yet he was afraid of his own temerity, and likewise he was afraid that when the time came for explanation he could not tell her all that Nanciebel was to him. When ought he to go and see what impression had been made? Perhaps it would be more prudent to wait until the first surprise was over—until she had had time to see that it was but natural her son should choose for himself a mate.

As he stood considering the door was opened, and his mother appeared. With a sudden sinking of the heart he noticed that her lips were pale and her eyes anxious and concerned. She shut the door behind her and came quickly forward, her gaze fixed intently on his face.

"Richard," she said in an undertone, "who is she?"

He was startled and frightened.

"At all events," he said hastily, "you may be sure of this—that she is worthy to be brought into this house and to be received by you as your daughter."

It was a little speech he had prepared beforehand, but now it did not seem to have any effect.

"Who is she, Richard?" the widow again demanded.

He told her.

"A shopgirl!" she said faintly.

"No, mother; not at all!" he exclaimed eagerly. "The place belongs to her brother, and she merely looks after it for him. He is very well off—you know Emmet & Marlow—he is a watchmaker himself and, I suppose, started this other business for the benefit of his two sisters. But what has that got to do with it, mother? She will cease to have any connection with the shop the moment you say the word, and, as for herself, there is not a dearer or better girl in the whole country. I am certain you will be the first to say as much when you get to know her"—

"Surely, Richard," the little woman said in a kind of wistful way, "you might have chosen some one whose family was known to us, who was known to your own friends and relatives. I do not say anything against the girl; it would not be just, but she must herself be aware how strange, how unusual the whole situation is. A clandestine engagement—how came she to consent to that?"

"Mother," said he, taking both her hands in his, "that was all my fault. I ought to have told you long ago, but Nancy was afraid. Can you not understand—isn't it clear in the poem I asked you to read? Indeed, she was quite in despair. She does not know how gentle and kind and considerate you are; she is terrified at the thought of meeting you; indeed, again and again she has told me that what I wished was an impossibility and that she would never be the means of bringing about any dissension between you and me. Well, I hope that will never arise. She couldn't bear it. She says she would rather give me up a hundred times over."

The mother looked at her handsome boy.

"Richard," she said, "you know I wish for nothing but your happiness. There is no sacrifice of my own feelings or my own prejudices I wouldn't make if I was sure it would make you happy. But consider. Young men of your age are apt to form such fancies. The girl may be everything you say, and yet—and yet it might prove to be only misery for both her and you in the long run."

"Mother, I want you to see her!" he cried, confident that Nanciebel's soft dark eyes would be sufficient to resolve away all these doubts and fears.

The widow was silent for a moment or two.

"May I bring her to see you, mother?" he entreated.

"Would it be wise, Richard?" she said in reply. "Would not that be making a family compact—would it not be recognizing as a serious engagement what may after all be a mere passing infatuation? Have patience, my dear child; take time. Think what a terrible thing it might be to pledge your whole future and to find out that you had cause to repent. Your uncle Alexander has often asked you to go out to Shanghai. Well, you know how I should grieve to lose you even for a week or a day, but wouldn't it be wise if you were to go away from Warwickshire for three months or six months and see whether your mind might not change in the interval? I know what these sudden fancies are worth. They are common to both young men and young women—illusions of the brain, the most uncertain guides. It is for your own sake I speak, dear. You see how I am willing to put aside my own prejudices. It is not because of her station in life that I object. After all, that is not of the first importance. But what surely is of the first importance is that you should know your own minds; that your affection for each other should be tried and found capable of standing the strain of absence. Richard, to please me will you go out for a few months to Shanghai?"

"Yes, I will, mother," he answered cheerfully and confidently, "if you ask me after you have come to know Nancy a little. Let that be the first thing. Then you will be able to judge and decide. Let me bring her to see you."

The widow hesitated, reluctant, but this handsome lad held her hand in his, and what would she not do for his sake?

"Very well," said she.

He kissed her.

"There is the dearest mother in all the world. Ah, when you and Nancy are friends you won't talk about Shanghai. You'll be as anxious as I am that she should come and live with you at Woodend. What a pleasant companion for you, mother—so kind and light hearted and loving! I'll tell her, mother! You shall see her tomorrow. And you won't scrutinize her too severely? No, you won't be able when you look at Nanciebel's eyes!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AROUND THE HOUSE.

If marks and stains are on papered walls, try French chalk or a piece of dry bread gently rubbed in.

To keep hardwood floors smooth and clean rub them with waste and warm paraffin oil and polish with dry waste.

Muslin curtains may be rendered less inflammable by rinsing them in alum water—two ounces of alum to one gallon of water.

To clean mirrors dip a cloth in methylated spirits and rub on the mirror. Allow it to dry on before polishing with a soft duster.

Galvanized iron pails for drinking water should not be used. The zinc coating is rapidly acted upon by the water, forming a poisonous oxide of zinc.

Make a splendid furniture polish by taking a wineglassful of olive oil, one of vinegar and two tablespoonfuls of alcohol; apply with a soft cloth and polish with flannel.

Rugs, mats or carpets can be cleaned thoroughly by generously sprinkling on them yellow cornmeal that has been well dampened in clean soapsuds or weak ammonia water. Sweep off in a few minutes.

Sensatory Transmission.

It has been found that sensation is not absolutely instantaneous, but that a very minute time elapses as it travels along the nerves. Therefore, if a person put his finger to a heated iron or in the blaze of a candle there is a certain almost inconceivably small space of time, say the one-thousandth part of a second, before the brain knows of the burn. Now, suppose a man with an arm long enough to reach the sun. From the known rate of sensatory transmission that man would have to live more than 100 years after touching the great luminary before he would know that his fingers had been scorched!

Showed It Clearly.

A man who was called on to address a Sunday school in a Pennsylvania town took the familiar theme of the children who mocked Elijah on his journey to Bethel—how the youngsters taunted the poor old prophet, and how they were punished when the two she bears came out of the wood and ate forty-two of them. "And now, children," said the speaker, wishing to learn if his talk had produced any moral effect, "what does this story show?"

"Please, sir," came from a little girl well down in front, "it shows how many children two she bears can hold!"

The Exceptional Case.

"You say you are thankful you have a cold?"

"Yes," answered the optimist. "A cold is one of the few ailments that a doctor will undertake to cure nowadays without a surgical operation."—Washington Star.

Adam's Mistake.

Freddie—Popper, what does it mean by Adam's one fatal slip?

Freddie's Popper—Not hanging on to that rib, I guess.—New York Times.

HOLES IN THE AIR.

Invisible Pitfalls With Which Airships May Have to Contend.

Some very terrible accidents may be expected to befall aerial navigators should airships ever become sufficiently perfected to make this species of travel at all common owing to the fact, well known to all aeronauts, that there exist in the earth's atmosphere at certain places and under certain conditions veritable holes or pits of vast depth. An airship sailing unwittingly into one of these aerial craters would sink with far more certainty and far greater swiftness than would a leaden ship of the same size and shape in an ocean of water.

Accidents of this nature have actually happened to aeronauts in the past, but of course the ordinary balloon is not nearly so much affected by the sudden descent as an airship would be. Nevertheless, an experience of the kind is sufficiently disconcerting even to the stoutest hearts and strongest nerves.

M. Tissandier, ballooning with two friends above the town of Vincennes, some years ago, happened on one of these invisible air holes, which proved to be over a mile in depth, the balloon falling that distance with such incredible rapidity that the earth appeared to be rushing up to meet them, with the speed of an express train, and the bags of ballast thrown out by the alarmed travelers fell not downward, as might have been expected, but upward. Luckily a denser stratum of air, answering to the bottom of the pit in question, was encountered when they were a few hundred feet from the ground, and the downward rush of the balloon was checked as if by contact with a pneumatic cushion.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Sudden Marriage.

"Let me tell you," says a Missouri correspondent of the Kansas City Journal, "about a marriage that happened in Saline county in 1856. The ceremony was performed by Elder McGarvey. The groom was a man named Johnson—I forget his first name—and, being mighty nervous about the approaching ceremony, he went to McGarvey and requested that he make it as short as possible and received the minister's assurance that he would do so. Mr. Johnson never forgot that night as he marched down with his bride on his arm and was met by the minister at the foot of the stairs. As soon as they reached the bottom step McGarvey stretched out his hands and said, 'You're married.' The suddenness of it took the groom's breath away, and he turned to his best man and shouted, 'Henry, am I married?' This marriage ceremony didn't take over ten seconds."

The Sensitive Tortoise.

Few animals seem more impassive than the tortoise, but those who have ever watched its movements know that the creature is really very sensitive. A few drops of rain will send it home with all speed. Even the distant approach of a shower makes it uneasy. Hence Gilbert White remarked that his tortoise showed "as much solicitude about the rain as a lady dressed in all her best attire."

The bright light of the sun seems especially grateful to tortoises. They rarely stir out at night, and the approach of winter drives them into their retreats. This physical sensitiveness shows their temperament to be less sluggish than is commonly supposed.

The animal also learns to recognize persons and remembers those who feed it, instantly distinguishing them from strangers.

A Final Decision.

It was while Judge Celora E. Martin was on the New York supreme court bench that a self important young lawyer was arguing a motion before him. Tiring of the attorney's grandiloquence, Justice Martin interrupted him and started to render an adverse decision.

"But your honor does not understand the case," still urged the attorney, who saw that things were not coming his way. "Permit me to explain the law. I have here some of the latest decisions of the court of appeals, in which it is held"—

"Motion is denied, with costs," again interrupted the justice. "Have you any later decision than that?"—New York Times.

The Boy and the Farm.

How often we hear parents discourage the boys who wish to stay on the farm! They refer to farm work as drudgery and that which tends to make them slaves to work rather than independent men. The biggest boys are educated for professional men and in many instances excel, but the vast majority of these, with a good practical education such as can be gained in our schools of agriculture, would become wealthy, progressive farmers, with fine farms and beautiful homes, if they had been encouraged and advised to stay by the old farm and make it a success. —Maxwell's Talisman.

Alert For an Angel.

Mr. Stormington Barnes and his leading man were passing a village church.

"Listen!" exclaimed the eminent tragedian.

"Does the music of the choir carry you back to your boyhood days?"

"No; but you know how long we have been looking for some one with money who was willing to back the show."

"Yes."

"Well, I think I hear some one inside there singing 'I Want to Be an Angel.'"—Washington Star.

Alarm That Worked.

First Office Boy—What's Johnny hurryin' fer? Looks like he heard a fire alarm.

Second Office Boy—He did. De boss said if he wasn't back from dat errand in ten minutes he'd lose his job!—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

She Spoke Too Early.

Lady (with awfully painted cheeks)—My portrait is very good, but don't you think that the a—cheeks—are a trifle pale?

Artist—Yes, they are not done yet. I leave that to the last.—Fliegende Blatter.

LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS

By MARTHA M'CULLOCH-WILLIAMS

Copyright, 1901, by M. McC.-Williams

"Carola!" Aunt Sarah called, her voice acid, yet tense.

"Well?" Carola answered without looking up from her book.

"It's 10 o'clock. High time you were dressing," came back, the tone more acid than ever.

"Why, I thought you had set the wedding for 4 o'clock," Carola said, turning a leaf and not raising her eyes.

Aunt Sarah stamped her foot. "As if you didn't know what folks are!" she protested. "You know they'll begin piling in here around 12, or 1 at the latest. The last one of 'em is crazy to see what'll happen."

"How strange!" Carola commented, apparently to the book. Aunt Sarah darted through the door, caught the book, flung it across the room and clutched Carola's shoulder. Angry tears stood in her eyes, but still they snapped viciously. "You'll be the death of me yet!" she rasped out. "Lord, Lord, if I only had known what trouble you'd be I never would have had you here, never in this world!"

"You mean really that you brought me here so you could make trouble for [illegible] standing up and [illegible] You know you would find [illegible] if you had not a grievance."

"Oh! I never heard such sacrilege!" Aunt Sarah cried, shaking Carola hard. "I thought I knew what ingratitude was [illegible] for you—but [illegible]"

"You [illegible] many things," Carola [illegible] "First [illegible] hate and shall hate till I die. You thought it sounded [illegible] baby [illegible] But [illegible] you struck the [illegible] everything. You are so [illegible] you want to show everybody [illegible] better you can do everything. That is why you have picked out Johnson Blakely for my husband. Poor fool! I should be almost as sorry for him as for myself if he had not a man's strength and a man's chance to run away. He does not really want me. Peggy McMann suits him over and ever so much better. But you got him under your thumb before he left off roundabouts. He's worse afraid of you than death or the judgment, if he is six feet two and big as an ox."

"Johnson loves me like a mother. He's good looking, as moral as a baby and will have $100,000 when his old uncle dies," Aunt Sarah broke in, her eyes snapping harder. "And any—yes, every other girl 'round would jump at the chance of him, while you"—

"Have had to be locked up for two months to keep me from marrying somebody else," Carola supplemented as Aunt Sarah, otherwise Mrs. Wilson, paused for breath. "Johnson knows all about it," she ran on. "Nice, chivalrous Johnson, to want a wife who says to his face: 'I hate you. I agree to have the wedding day set only because I am tired of prison life.' If there was one grain of manliness in all his hulking height, he would not take me—he knows how helpless I am with you for guardian and not a penny of my own."

"Yet you want to turn your back on a good husband and a rich one and throw yourself away on a beggarly lawyer who has never had a case since he hung out his shingle a year ago." Aunt Sarah snapped. Carola laughed a short, hard laugh.

Mrs. Wilson knew her neighbors. They did come piling in before the clock struck 1. Carola's love affairs had been the gossip of the countryside for six months past. Naturally there was edged expectation of some uncommon climax to what had been so strange. To the bucolic mind it was wholly unheard of that Johnson Blakely had been cut out by a sprig of a lawyer with hardly a second coat to his back. The most part stanchly upheld Mrs. Wilson's strenuousness in keeping her niece from so throwing herself away. Still there were a few softer souls who shook the head, saying a girl, as you might say, driven into double harness would be mighty apt before long to kick over the traces and small blame to her if she did.

Everybody wondered at the setting out of a wedding feast and calling in wedding guests. A simple marriage, with only legal witnesses, seemed to fit the case's complications better. A few understood, but wisely held their peace. The wedding was Mrs. Wilson's triumph. She would not forego showing to her world that in this her hardest battle she had prevailed. But even this wise few were something amazed at one thing—she had invited among the rest Jack Harrison, the lawyer lover whom two months earlier she had forbidden the place.

He would not come, of course, but by 3 o'clock everybody else was on hand, minister and bridegroom included. Aunt Sarah was for setting forward the wedding ceremony. There was not the least use in waiting an hour, with everything ready. That brought on a very pretty quarrel with Carola. "You'll come to the judgment bar an hour ahead of time," she said to Aunt Sarah, "but you won't be able to hurry St. Peter, and for once I mean to act the saint."

Storming did no good. Carola was recklessly gay. She had grown very white, but her hands did not tremble as she put on her veil and set a knot of loose leafed white roses at the throat of her white frock. She did everything for herself, yet, oddly enough, made no objection to the presence of half a dozen young women, each of whom thrilled with unconscious envy of the bride. She even laughed outright when one of them peeped into the hall and said hushedly over her shoulder, "Oh, my, Johnson has got on a full dress suit and does look so handsome!"

"It's bad luck, laughin' in your weddin' frock. Don't you know that?" another [illegible] Carola laughed again, a laugh both mocking and merry.

All things earthly end, even an hour of waiting upon an ungrateful bride's caprice. When the clock marked five minutes past 4, Carola stood exactly in the middle of the big square parlor, feeling herself the target of all eyes. She looked taller, more slender, more wraithlike than ever. Though her hand lay on the bridegroom's, it was in sufferance only. She did not even steady herself by the mass of his wholesome bulk. He was very red, his vacuous moon face beaded, his big hands bulging over the tops of his new white gloves. Carola had not spoken to him. She had met him just outside the parlor door. He had a sense of sinking or wanting to run away. If the truth must be told, to cry as he had cried in the times of boyish fights. Invariably he lost the fights and somehow felt that he was likewise to lose this.

The minister was speaking. His words fell meaningless upon poor Johnson's ears. Carola was tensely alert. She held her head high and kept her eyes fast upon the door. As the minister began to say, "If any can show cause why these two may not be lawfully joined together, let him speak now or forever hereafter hold his peace," she drew a hard breath.

"I object!" Jack Harrison cried, darting through the door. "The lady is already my wife," he added, thrusting a folded paper into the minister's hand. Aunt Sarah struck it down, crying out [illegible] "You lie! Until today Carola has not been outside her room since I ordered you off the place!"

Jack turned to face her with Carola in his arms [illegible] and [illegible] all over. "I came [illegible] once," he said, "while you were away at chapel. I brought a license and a minister. Remember there is a lightning rod beside the end window of Carola's prison. I climbed it, held her hand, the good man on the ground did the rest. I might have come [illegible] and legally demanded my wife. It was her whim to wait and spoil your triumph."

Johnson had been listening like a man in a dream. Slowly his face brightened. With a wildly joyous whoop he gathered Jack and Carola in his arms, hugged them breathless and as he released them cried: "Jack, you always were a good fellow. Suppose you help me to get married anyway. I'll give you $500 cash if you'll persuade Peggy McMann to have me, right here and now."

"I'll take that job for nothing," Carola said, running to the blushing Peggy. How she managed it nobody quite understood, but three hours later, just as soon as a messenger had brought a new license from the county town, there was a wedding with no objection—not even from Aunt Sarah—and the bride's name was Peggy.

Mansfield's "Likeness."

Richard Mansfield once asked Frank A. Nankivell to make a picture of him. The actor explained that he wanted an imitation of an old Roman coin with his own profile shown instead of Caesar's.

"Do you want an absolute likeness or shall I idealize it a bit?" asked Nankivell.

"I want an absolute likeness," replied Mr. Mansfield stiffly, and the artist [illegible] a shot [illegible] of his patron.

When the completed picture, a splendid piece of work that looks as if it were embossed, was shown to Mr. Mansfield he was not pleased.

"It looks like a prizefighter," said Mr. Mansfield.

"That is not my fault," said Nankivell. "You know that you said you wanted a likeness."

There was a further exchange of courtesies, and then Mansfield suggested that the artist try again. "Excuse me," said Nankivell. "Once will do me."

"Well, change this picture a little," said the actor. "Perhaps you can fix it up."

"Not a fix," said the artist as he rolled up the picture and prepared to go with a parting shot. "You don't want an artist to draw your picture; you want a lithographer. Good day."—New York World.

A Barbarous Symbol.

Next time you drop in on your barber to have a shave or your hair cut ask him why he has a pole with white and red stripes on it at his door. The chances are that he will tell you it is to let people know there is a barber shop in the vicinity. Ask him why such a pole represents a barber shop and tell him not to talk politics or the weather to you until he has answered and you will have a quiet time of it. Of course you know, but in case you don't want to bother telling him just clip this item and induce him to paste it in his hat.

In olden times blood letting was believed in and the ancient barber was the man who made a specialty of it, as also some of them do today. The pole has nothing to do with hair cutting or shaving; it represents the blood letting end of the profession. The red stripes indicate the flow of blood; the white stripes the linen bandages used after the operation. If you succeed in cornering your barber on this question, ask him not to talk so much until he acquires some information worth imparting.

Provoking a Husband.

A Mohammedan woman cannot of herself separate from her husband without his consent. He may divorce her with a few words spoken by himself. If she is clever, however, she will take him by surprise at an unguarded moment and contrive to do or say something which will make him so angry that before he can exercise sufficient self control to stop himself he has uttered the wished for words.

An Interesting Book.

"I've had great pleasure today in reviewing a book that is entirely new to me," said the literary editor.

"What's that," inquired the snake editor, "a bankbook?"—Philadelphia Record.

AN ANGRY MUSICIAN.

Amusing and Pathetic Story of Constant's Picture, "Too Late!"

An amusing and pathetic story is told of Benjamin Constant's first picture to attract attention. It was called "Too Late!" and represented Fortune and Glory visiting an artist just as he had breathed his last. The artist was lying on the bed. The figure of Death stood near the door, through which Fortune, carrying a box of money, and Glory, bearing laurels, had just entered.

The artist received many letters from those who had seen the painting. One was written by a professor of music, an old man, who expressed in touching words the emotion he had felt at the sight of the artist's work. He asked Constant to visit and talk to him about "Too Late!"

The invitation was accepted, but as soon as the old professor saw the artist he uttered an ejaculation of surprise and anger. "Why, you are quite a youth!" he exclaimed. "I thought you were old and, like myself, had spent your life in vain endeavor to obtain recognition of your abilities. I conceived that picture to be the last despairing cry of a man as unfortunate as I am. I find you are quite young, and your eyes are full of hope. You are a humbug, sir, and I request that you leave this house immediately!"

Got the Fish In.

On the occasion of the opening of parliament during one of the years when Pitt was prime minister the lords and commons were greatly perplexed by a reference to the goldfish at Windsor castle which was introduced into the king's speech and read by Pitt. It was not until after both Pitt and King George were dead that the explanation came out. The prime minister, it is related, had come to the king at the palace with the speech from the throne fully prepared. He found the king [illegible] the edge of the basin of [illegible] earnestly regarding his goldfish [illegible] in the water. Pitt [illegible] speech. "Does your majesty approve [illegible]?" asked the minister. "I will approve it, but only on [illegible]," said the king, "and that is [illegible] The king [illegible] Pitt [illegible] to see something [illegible] of the royal goldfishes.

A Genius.

"There goes a great genius!" exclaimed the Georgia editor as a tall figure slouched by.

"Novelist?"

"No, but he reads all the novels the other fellows write."

"You call that genius?"

"Well, it isn't exactly genius; it's the patience of it."—Atlanta Constitution.

Density and Rarity of Air.

If a well could be sunk to the depth of forty-six miles the density of the air at the bottom would be as great as that of quicksilver. By the same law a cubic inch of air taken 4,000 miles above the earth's surface would expand sufficiently to fill a sphere 2,000,000,000 miles in diameter.

In the matter of the Estate of Berthena Dodge, late of the Township of Eldred, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased.

In the Orphans' Court of McKean County. No. 56, June Term, 1902.

To V. H. Cook, Eva Comes, Willard Frost, Myrtle Frost, Sarah Frost, John Van Gelder, Etta Richardson, Mary Hazzard, William Bell, E. J. Palmeter, J. A. Palmeter, A. N. Palmeter, Ellen Bedford and Ella McVaugh:

You are hereby notified that on May 22, 1902, the following order was made by the Orphans' Court of McKean County, and that you will be expected to comply with said order:

And now, May 22, 1902, in consideration of the foregoing petition and on motion of attorneys for petitioner, the Court order, that a citation issue directed to V. H. Cook, Eva Comes, Willard Frost, Myrtle Frost, Sarah Frost, John Van Gelder, Etta Richardson, Mary Hazzard, William Bell, E. J. Palmeter, J. A. Palmeter, A. N. Palmeter, Ellen Bedford, Ella McVaugh, to appear before the Court on the sixth day of October, 1902, at 2 p. m. to answer the petition of Nancy Loop and show cause why the appeal should not be sustained from the decision of the Register of Wills of McKean County, made July 22, 1901, admitting to probate as the last will and testament of Berthena Dodge, deceased, a certain instrument of writing dated the 21st day of May, 1901, and the decision of the said Register set aside, and why an issue *devisavit vel non* should not be awarded directed to the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County to determine the following questions of fact, to-wit:

1. Whether the said Berthena Dodge at the time of the execution of the said paper writing was of sound, disposing mind, memory and understanding, and of sufficient legal capacity to make a valid will and testament.
2. Whether the said Berthena Dodge was induced to make said paper writing by said V. H. Cook and others, and also why said probate should not be set aside and the letter testamentary granted to said V. H. Cook as executor thereof, revoked.

Notice of said citation to be given to said Register of Wills.

Service on non-residents of Pennsylvania and McKean County to be obtained by publication of notice in McKEAN MINER for three weeks and copy of notice to be mailed to last known address at least 20 days prior to return day.

Notices on residents of McKean County to be served at least 20 days before return day.

THOS. A. MORRISON, P. J.

Witness my hand and seal this 2nd day of July, 1902.

{ Official Seal. }
GEORGE W. MITCHELL,
Clerk of the Orphans' Court of McKean County.

THE NEW YORK WORLD

THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it is full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a-Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

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Main Street, Smethport, Pa.,

This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL

Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.

This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

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This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style. First-class accommodations for the traveling public.

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First-class in every respect.
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Reasonable Rates.

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This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.

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Dr. Burg Chadwick,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office, 12 Main Street, Smethport, Pa. Office hours till 10 A. M., 1 to 3; 6 to 8 P. M.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.

Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.

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Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

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STATE.

Governor—William A. Stone.
Lieutenant Governor—J. P. S. Gobin.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—James Latta.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Thomas A. Morrison, Smethport.
Member of Congress—J. C. Sibley, Venango.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Brasford.
Member of Assembly—E. A. Boyne, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—William B. Clarke, Smethport.
Prothonotary—G. W. Mitchell, Bradford.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Boardman, Smethport; Albert Peterson, Kane; Thos. J. Hungiville, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Brooder.
Auditors—A. L. Gallup, Smethport; B. G. Battle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—E. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—F. W. Brownell.
Council—James A. McKean, president; Mrs. J. Colegrove, secretary; W. P. Walsh, treasurer; Charles McKean, C. Herzog, Alfred Hagberg, Thomas Camp, J. A. Yerdon.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, W. Stark.
Constables—C. N. Bates.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; E. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Ruler, Oscar Lugstrom.
Collector—Carl Save.
Assessor—[illegible]
Auditors—R. C. Save, [illegible] Morgan, Alex Clarke.
[illegible] H. R. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—Samuel Greig, E. H. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. [illegible], meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

GEO. W. MITCHELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. [illegible] first [illegible] second [illegible]

[illegible], N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. [illegible] Wednesdays of [illegible] I. O. O. F. Hall.

[illegible] SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. [illegible], Scribe.

G. A. R.—[illegible] Post, No. [illegible], meets first [illegible] each month at [illegible] O. O. F. Hall.

[illegible] MAYO, Com.
H. E. BURLINGAME, Adj't.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. [illegible] GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Keene Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

[illegible] E. Potter, Com.
Lizzie F. Holder, R. K.

E. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 23, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus Block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rc. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock in the M. E. chapel.

MISS S. A. STULL, Pres't.
MRS. M. E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
ADDIE E. STULL, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 13, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. W. F. SPECHT, W. M.
MRS L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

JOHN DENOER, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m., Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 24, 1901.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:14 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:39 p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport 2:39 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..........10:59 a. m.
Train 126, week days..........7:07 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..........9:14 a. m.
Train 123, week days..........2:39 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:18 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 8:30 a. m., Baltimore 2:30 a. m., Washington 4:05 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:[illegible] p. m.—Train [illegible], daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg [illegible] stations, arriving at Philadelphia [illegible], New York 9:33 a. m. [illegible] Baltimore [illegible] Pullman [illegible] Philadelphia and Washington.

12:01 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia [illegible], New York [illegible] week days, [illegible] Sundays; Baltimore [illegible] Washington 8:[illegible] Vestibuled [illegible] sleeping cars and passenger coaches, [illegible] to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:[illegible] a. m.—Train 9, daily for Erie, Ridgway and [illegible] days DuBois [illegible] and intermediate stations.

10:[illegible] a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:[illegible] p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A. M. Lv.		Ar. P. M.
9 40	Ridgway	12 01
9 55	Johnsonburg	11 40
10 1[illegible]	Glen Hazel	11 38
10 20	Straight	11 30
10 25	Instanter	11 16
10 31	Smith's Run	11 10
10 38	Wendyale	11 04
10 45	Clermont	11 00
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:48 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

[illegible] B. & K. RAILWAY

TIME TABLE.

Eastern Standard Time

IN EFFECT JUNE 1, 1902.

SOUTHBOUND.

STATIONS	1	3	5	7	9	25
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	
[illegible] Leave	7 [illegible]	10 35	1 2[illegible]	4 10	6 [illegible]	
[illegible] Junction	8 00	10 53	1 58	4 48	6 5[illegible]	
[illegible]	8 14	10 57	2 02	4 52	6 5[illegible]	
[illegible]	8 19	11 02	2 07	4 57	7 0[illegible]	
[illegible]	8 25	11 09	2 14	5 01	7 09	
[illegible]	8 35	11 20	2 25	5 15	7 20	
[illegible]port Ar	8 50	11 50	2 50	6 40	7 4[illegible]	
Lv	8 40	10 45	1 50	4 40	6 50	
[illegible] Jewett	9 05	11 50	2 55	5 47	7 5[illegible]	
[illegible] Ar	10 40	12 25	3 35	6 25	8 30	
Lv	10 50		4 00			
[illegible]	10 15		5 05			
[illegible]	10 41		5 30			
[illegible]	11 25		6 1[illegible]			
[illegible]	12 00					A. M.
[illegible]	12 15					
[illegible]	12 40					[illegible]
[illegible]	12 57					[illegible]04
[illegible]	1 00					[illegible]
[illegible]	1 16					[illegible]
[illegible]	1 35					7 1[illegible]
[illegible]	2 10					[illegible]
[illegible]	2 50					9 06
[illegible]	3 25					9 40
[illegible] Ar	5 25					1[illegible]
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	

NORTHBOUND.

STATIONS	2	4	6	8	26	10
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	
[illegible] Lv				7 30	3 2[illegible]	
[illegible] Junction				8 30	4 25	
[illegible]				9 30	5 1[illegible]	
[illegible]				11 15	7 0[illegible]	
[illegible]sburg				11 30	7 1[illegible]	
[illegible]				12 18	8 0[illegible]	
[illegible]				12 32	8 1[illegible]	
[illegible]				12 45	8 3[illegible]	
[illegible]				12 48	9 3[illegible]	
[illegible]				1 25		
[illegible]				1 54		
[illegible]		[illegible] 15		2 16		
[illegible] Junction		9 03		3 00		
[illegible]		9 29		3 25		P. M.
[illegible] Ar		10 00		3 57		
Lv	7 25	10 10	1 15	4 05		2 50
[illegible]	8 04	10 49	1 54	4 43		3 2[illegible]
[illegible]	8 25	11 20	2 25	5 15		4 0[illegible]
[illegible] Ar	9 00	11 50	2 50	5 40		
Lv	8 00	10 45	1 50	4 40		
[illegible]	8 34	11 30	2 35	5 24		4 1[illegible]
[illegible]	8 38	11 35	2 42	5 30		4 1[illegible]
[illegible]	8 55	11 42	2 47	5 35		4 2[illegible]
[illegible]	9 00	11 48	2 55	6 00		4 2[illegible]
Bradford Ar	9 3[illegible]	12 20	3 25	6 10		5 0[illegible]
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.		P. M.

Trains 9 and 10 run Sunday only.
Train 2 Daily.
Train 8 Daily, except between Ormsby and Smethport on Sundays.
All other trains daily except Sunday.

JNO. C. McKENNA,
Gen. Pass. Agent.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No. 14. Passenger Train Schedule Effective Saturday, Aug. 3, 1901.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
	1.10	8.10	lv Mt Jewett ar	8.00	12.00	
5.21	1.50	8.31	Hazelhurst	7.36	11.39	4.26
5.29	2.05	8.37	Marvindale	7.29	11.29	4.19
5.32	2.10	8.40	Kasson	7.25	11.23	4.13
5.37	2.17	8.47	Clarks	7.18	11.18	4.08
				7.10		
6.05	2.30	9.14	Smethport	p. m.		
				7.15	11.10	3.40
6.07	2.43	9.27	Farmers Valley	7.01	10.58	3.28
6.14	2.49	9.34	Corryville	6.56	10.51	3.21
6.20	2.55	9.40	Larrabee	6.50	10.46	3.15

SHAWMUT DIVISION.

Southward Read down			STATIONS & Sidings	Northward Read up	
P.M.	A.M.			P.M.	A.M.
7.40	11.30		Clermont	7.00	8.35
7.59	11.52		Wellendorf	6.28	8.17
8.12	12.06		Wildwood	6.40	8.04
8.22	12.15		North Fork	5.38	7.58
8.29	12.28		Bear Run	5.26	7.47
	AM				PM
8.47	12.50		St. Marys	4.50	7.25
9.07	2.30	7.38	St. Marys	11.02	6.47
	2.52	7.40	Kaul	11.00	6.45
	3.17	8.03	Paine	10.34	6.20
	3.21	8.08	Kersey	10.30	6.16
	4.00	8.46	Elbon	9.59	5.44
	4.05	8.50	Hyde	9.55	5.40
AM	AM			PM	AM
	6.03		St. Marys	6.08	
8.05	6.30		Paine	5.42	8.05
8.35	7.00		Byrne	5.10	7.30
8.40	7.05		Weedville	5.05	7.05

Close connections at St. Marys, with P. & E. R. R. for all points East and West. At Clermont, for all points on W. N. Y. & P. R'y. or their connections.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

M. S. BLAIR, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
C. H. HAMMOND, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	L'v Westward.		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar. Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.00	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.19
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	9.22
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'fld Junc.	7.32	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Couds'pt	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.13	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.20
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wrks	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y, and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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